

BOY

PDC

CARL MAY JR.

COMICS

NO. 25

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER • CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

A MESSAGE ESPECIALLY for YOU!!

We the undersigned, the publisher, the editors and leading characters of America's outstanding comic magazines appeal to you—urgently.

The paper shortage is gravely acute. Paper and paper products such as cardboard are among the most essential needs of our armed forces. We have all done a lot to help the shortage. Newspapers and magazines have cut down the use of paper enormously—that is why our magazines have fewer pages these days. People are taking bundles unwrapped from stores.

Everyone is salvaging waste paper. Readers of our magazines alone have salvaged several million pounds! But anything we have done in the past is not enough. We must salvage a lot more paper at once without a moment's delay. We are urging you to get busy today. Bathe, up and turn in every scrap of paper you can lay your hands on. Get your friends to help. In your town there are plenty of agencies waiting for the paper. Turn it in at once.

As you read this, some fellow is storming an enemy pillbox single-handed. Do your part by storming the paper front, single-handed if necessary. It is your war job today.

Let nothing stand in the way—get going now!

Lev Gleason
publisher
editors Charles Busch and
Bill Wood

Director: Gustav
Editor: Victor Storm
Sniffer: Young Robin Hood
Voice: George Little Dipper

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC. REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933.

Of Boy Comics, published bi-monthly at New York, New York, for October 1, 1944.

State of New York
County of New York

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Bella Kimmelfeld, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of the Boy Comics and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 347, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are Publisher, Magazine House, 114 E. 32nd St., New York 16, N. Y.; Editor, Charles Busch, 329 S. Beach

St., Old Greenwich, Conn.; Managing Editor, Bob Wood, 14 E. 96th St., New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Bella Kimmelfeld, 200 E. 26th St., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Levant S. Gleason (Partner), Park Dr., Chappaqua, N. Y.; Bella Kimmelfeld, 200 E. 26th St., New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder

appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given, also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed) BELLA KIMMELFELD,

Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of September, 1944.

(Seal) HERMAN PERRY,

(My commission expires March 30, 1945.)

CRIMEBUSTER

by
Charles
BIRD



THE PROVERB, 'A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME WOULD SMELL AS SWEET' IS TRUE BUT SO WOULD CRIME BY ANY OTHER NAME BE UNAMERICAN—HATEFUL, UNSPORTSMANLIKE. IN CRIMEBUSTER IS SYMBOLIZED THE HOPES AND WISHES OF ALL TRUE AMERICAN BOYS TO ERASE CRIME IN ALL ITS UGLY AND HATEFUL FORMS FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH! CRIMEBUSTER IS ALL THAT HIS NAME IMPLIES AS YOU WILL SEE IN THE FOLLOWING PAGES OF THIS DOCUMENT TO HIS DARING.

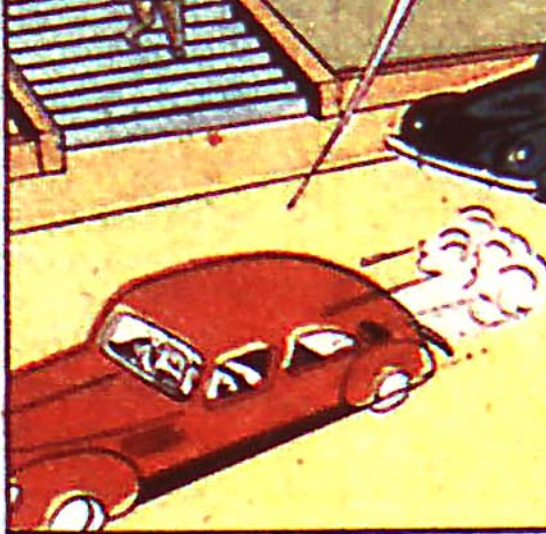


SUPPOSING WE HAD A CRIME WAVE! THEN WHERE WOULD WE BE?

RUBBISH! WE HAVEN'T
HAD A CRIME IN
FAIRVIEW SINCE 1938!
CUT THE PAYROLL
OR ELSE!



LOOK, PHIL!
THERE'S O'BRIEN!
HAVEN'T SEEN HIM
AT THE CLUB IN
WEEKS!



HEAR ABOUT
HIS DAUGHTER?
SINCE SHE CAME
BACK FROM
SCHOOL SHE'S
TURNED INTO A
REGULAR SHREW!
SNUBS OR INSULTS
EVERYBODY!

YES! THAT'S
NOT MUCH
HELP TO HER
DAD! I'LL BET
SHE'S LOST
O'BRIEN A LOT
OF FRIENDS
WITH THAT
MEAN DIS-
POSITION!
SHE USED TO
BE A FINE
GIRL!



I'M THROUGH
WITH THE CAR,
WILLIAM! TAKE
THE EVENING
OFF! GOOD
NIGHT!



WHEW! WHAT A
DAY! HELLO,
GAIL! I'M
HOME!

WHAT AM
I SUPPOSED
TO DO—FAINT
WITH JOY?



NOW, NOW! IS THAT
THE WAY TO WELCOME
YOUR OLD DAD?
HAVE A NICE
DAY, DEAR?

IF YOU MUST
KNOW, I HAD A
HORRIBLE DAY!
JUST SAT AROUND
IN THIS HOUSE
FROM MORNING
TIL NIGHT!



NOT THAT YOU
CARE! YOU'RE
MUCH TOO BUSY
RUNNING THE
TOWN ALL DAY TO
THINK ABOUT
ME!!

NOW, GAIL, YOU
KNOW THAT ISN'T
SO! I'VE TAKEN
YOU OUT EVERY
NIGHT THIS
WEEK, AND...

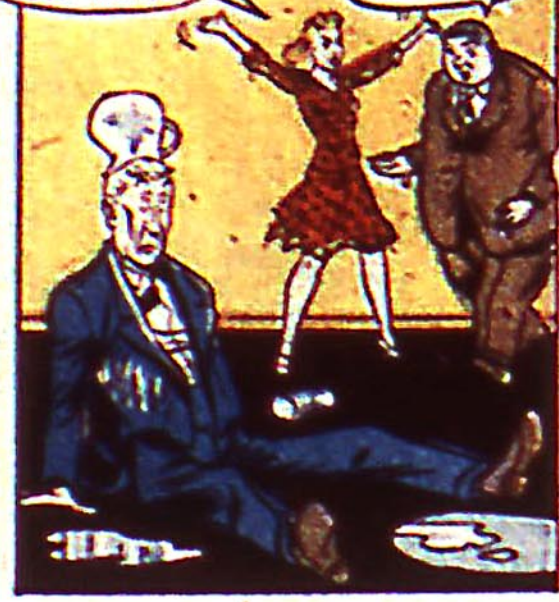


YOUR MILK PUNCH,
MR. O'BRIEN... OH!!



OF ALL THE CLUMSY
GOONS! WHY DON'T
YOU GET RID OF
THAT CREAKING
OLD RELIC!

NOW, DAUGHTER,
ROBERT HAS BEEN
WITH US A LONG TIME!
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT,
ROBERT?









SO LONG FOR NOW!
WE'LL EXPECT YOU
FOR DINNER
TONIGHT, OLD
BOY!

TANKS! C'MON, RED-
HEAD, WE'RE GOIN'
PLACES!

PRETTY
SURE OF YOUR-
SELF AREN'T YOU?
DO YOU ALWAYS
GET WHAT YOU
WANT?

MOST
ALWAYS!



SHE'S BEEN GONE
SOME TIME! WONDER
IF THE DOCTOR'S
MAKING ANY
HEADWAY?

IS THAT
YOU, GAIL?
HAVE A GOOD
TIME, DEAR?



UH HUH!



AM I BURNIN'! GET OUT!
HE SAYS! DA BRASS OF
DA GUY TELLIN' ME STEVE
DRILLA, TA GET OUT! I'D
LIKE TA PUT DA LITTLE
@00T@ BEHIND DA
EIGHT BALL!



BUCK UP AGAINST DRILLA,
DOES HE? I'LL SHOW 'M!
DICK! BUGGIE! GO
TAKE CARE OF
HIM!



EIGHT BALL, HUH? LISTEN!
AFTER YA KNOCK 'M OFF
DRAG 'M OUT TO HIS
LOUSY COURSE AN' HANG
'M UP ON DA FLAG AT
DA EIGHTH GREEN!
UNNERSTAND?
GET GOIN'!



OKAY, STEVE!
CALM DOWN!
'THEY'RE
GONE!

GOOD! NO ONE'S
GONNA TELL ME
OFF! SAY! ANOTHER
FUNNY THING HAPPENED
TODAY! I'M COMIN' OUT
OF DA CLUBHOUSE...



SOME FAT GUY
RUNS UP! HE THINKS
I'M A FRIEND OF HIS.
HE PRACTICALLY
THROWS HIS DAUGHTER
AT ME! SO I SPEND
DA WHOLE AFTER-
NOON WID DIS
DOLL! WHAT
A BABE!



DO YOU GET
THE BREAKS
STEVE! WHO
WAS SHE?

I DON'T KNOW!
O'TOOLE. NAW!
O'BRIEN! YEAH!
YEAH, DAT'S IT-
GAIL
O'BRIEN!

O'BRIEN??
FER PETE SAKE,
HE'S DA PRESIDENT
OF DA CITY COUNCIL,
NO LESS!



COUNCIL PRESIDENT?

SURE! A REAL BIGGIE! PLENTY OF POTATOES, TOO!



IS DAT SO? COUNCIL PRESIDENT, HUH? NOT A BAD GUY TO KNOW! HMM...MAYBE I'LL KEEP DAT DINNER DATE!



WHO SHALL I SAY IS CALLING, SIR?

BEAT IT, FLUNKY! HIYA, O'BREN! WHERE'S RED?



STILL UPSTAIRS DRESSING, DOSTOR! QUICK! COME INTO THE LIBRARY BEFORE SHE COMES DOWN!



TELL ME, HOW DID YOU, OH, MAY I OFFER YOU A DRINK?

DON'T CARE IF I DO! WHAT DID YA WANTA SAY, BIGSHOT?



ABOUT GAIL! HOW DID YOU MAKE OUT? WHAT'S WRONG WITH HER?

WRONG? NUTTIN' WRONG FROM WHERE I SIT! SHE'S TERRIFIC! HERE SHE COMES!



HELLO, HANDSOME! AH, AH, MUSTN'T STARE!

GOOD HEAVENS! SHE HAS CHANGED!



TELL ME ABOUT YOURSELF! WHAT DO YOU DO?

ME! I'M A BIGSHOT! WHEN I GIVE ORDERS GUYS TAKE 'EM OR ELSE! NATCHERLY IN DESE DAYS I GOTTA KEEP MY BUSINESS A SECRET!



WHAT A FEED! HOW ABOUT HITIN' A FEW HOT NIGHT SPOTS?

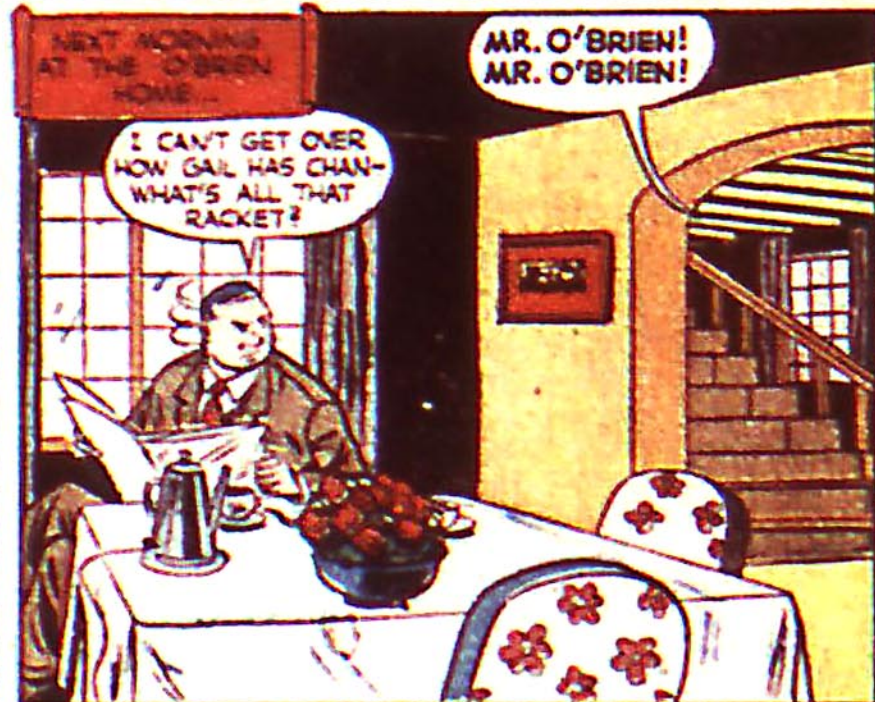
WELL, YOU'RE THE BOSS, AREN'T YOU?

SWELL! GET YER HAT!



I'M A LITTLE SHORT OF DOUGH, SUGARPOOT! HOLD EVERYTHING WHILE I HOP UP TO DA JOINT FER A MINUTE!

I'LL COME UP TOO! WANT TO SEE IF MY FACE IS ON STRAIGHT!





WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT HIM, ANYWAY? HAS HE GOT REFERENCES? HE'D BETTER HAVE A DARN GOOD EXPLANATION!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, REFERENCES? HE'S A PERSONAL FRIEND OF MINE! I'VE KNOWN HIM FOR YEARS, O'BRIEN! WE WENT TO SCHOOL TOGETHER!



BESIDES, WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? HE WAS WITH ME ALL LAST EVENING AND HE TOLD ME YOU STOOD HIM UP AT THE GOLF COURSE YESTERDAY!

I... G... SEE... THANKS! G... GOOD-BYE, BILL!



HELLO! GET ME THE POLICE!



THIS IS THE MOST BRUTAL MURDER I'VE EVER SEEN! WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, CHIEF?

IT'S ALL A GREAT BIG HORRIBLE DREAM, CRIME-BUSTER! NOBODY COMMS CRIMES IN FAIRVIEW! J.G. O'BRIEN SAID SO!

HEY, CHIEF! THE GARDENER HAS A STATEMENT TO MAKE!



I WAS WORKING IN THE GARDEN RIGHT OUTSIDE MR. DALY'S OFFICE YESTERDAY! HE WAS HAVIN' AN AWFUL ARGUMENT WITH SOMEBODY! MR. DALY SOUNDED REAL MAD, TOO!

DID YOU RECOGNIZE THE OTHER VOICE AT ALL?



NO, BUT I HEARD MR. DALY SAY THE PRICE WAS TOO HIGH AND TO GO PEDDLE IT TO SOME OTHER SUCKER! THEN HE SAID TO GET OUT!

CHIEF!! YOU'RE WANTED ON THE CLUB TELEPHONE!

O.K. BROGAN!



HELLO! YEE, CHIEF ATKINS! SPEAKING!

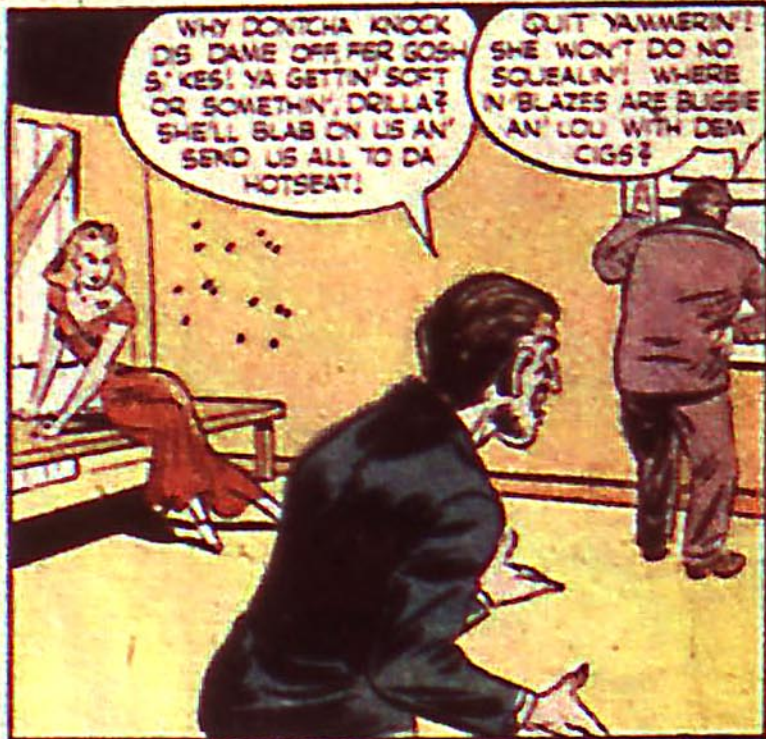
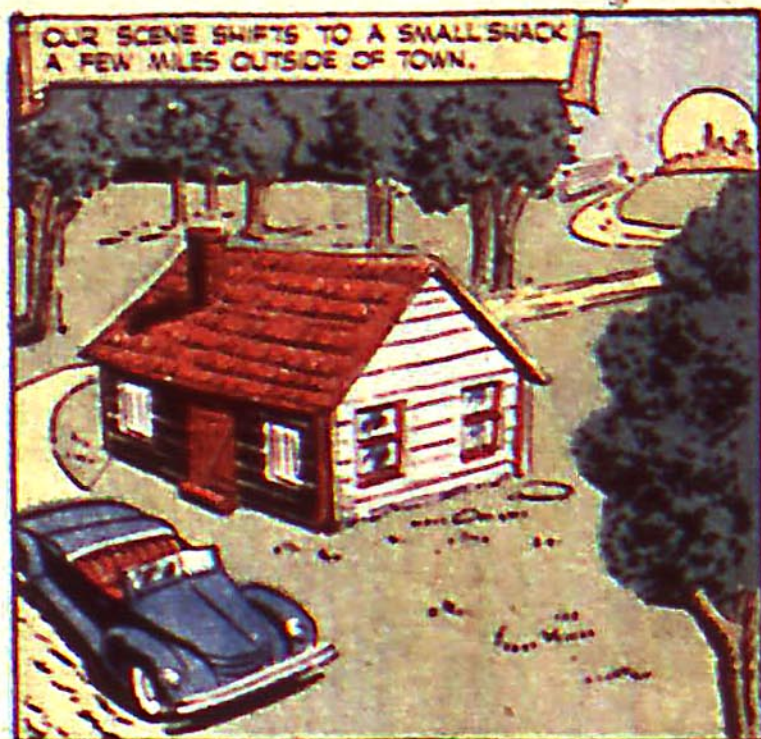
ATKINS!! THIS IS J.G. O'BRIEN! MY DAUGHTER'S MISSING! SHE DIDN'T COME HOME LAST NIGHT! GET ON IT RIGHT AWAY! YOU'VE GOT TO FIND HER!!



OH, IS THAT SO! WELL THAT'S JUST TOO BAD! IT SO HAPPENS O'BRIEN, THAT THE MANAGER OF THE COUNTRY CLUB HAS BEEN FOUND MURDERED AND I'M GOING TO NEED ALL SIX MEN YOU SO KINDLY LEFT ON THE FORCE TO CLEAR IT UP!

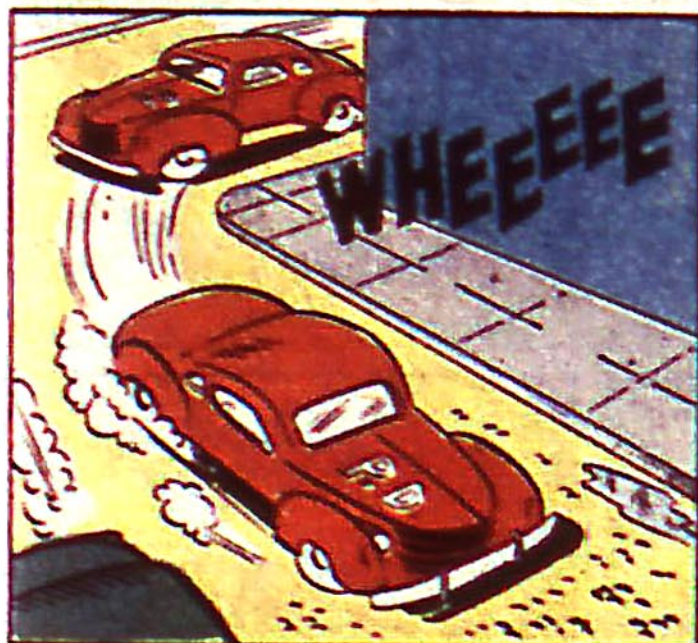












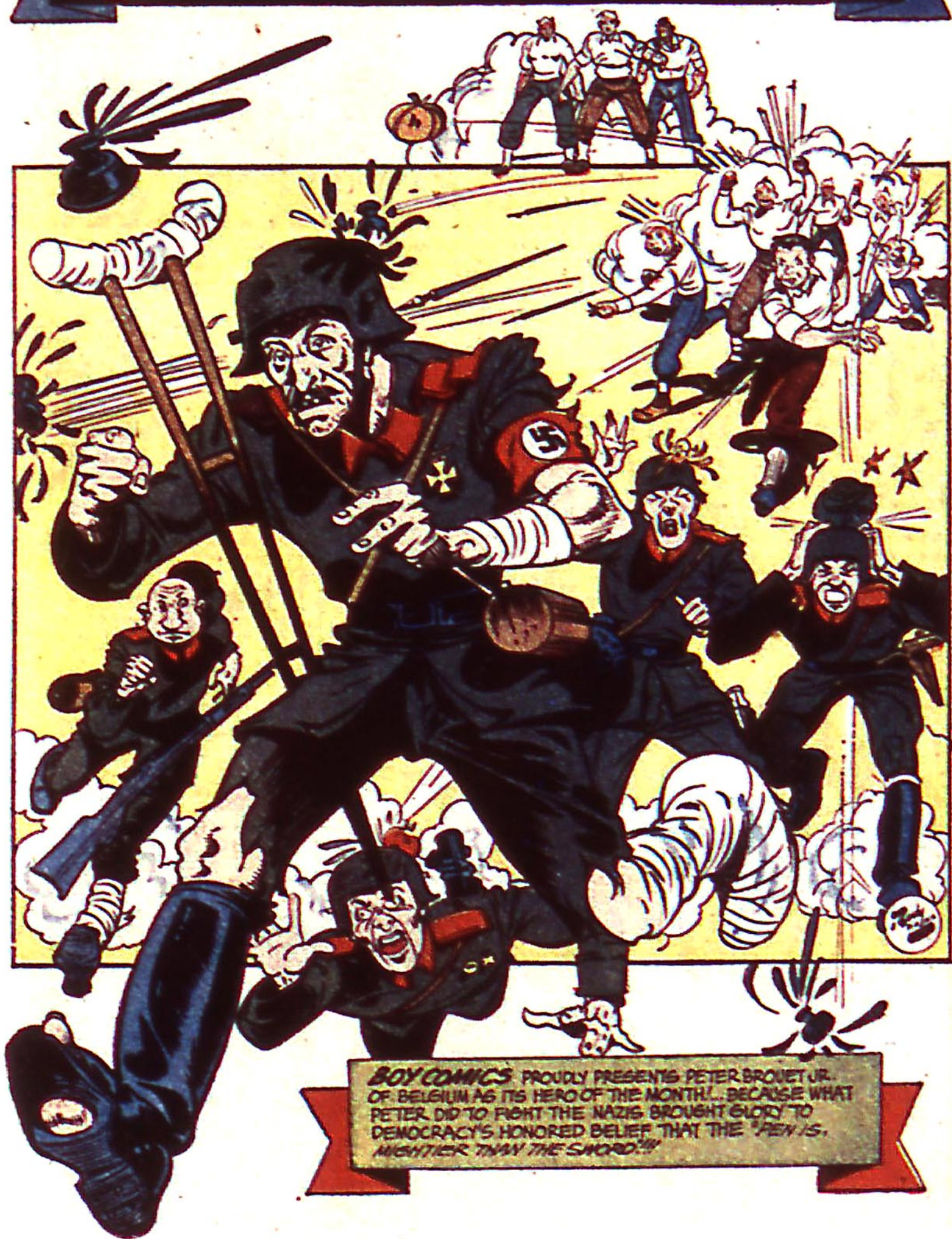


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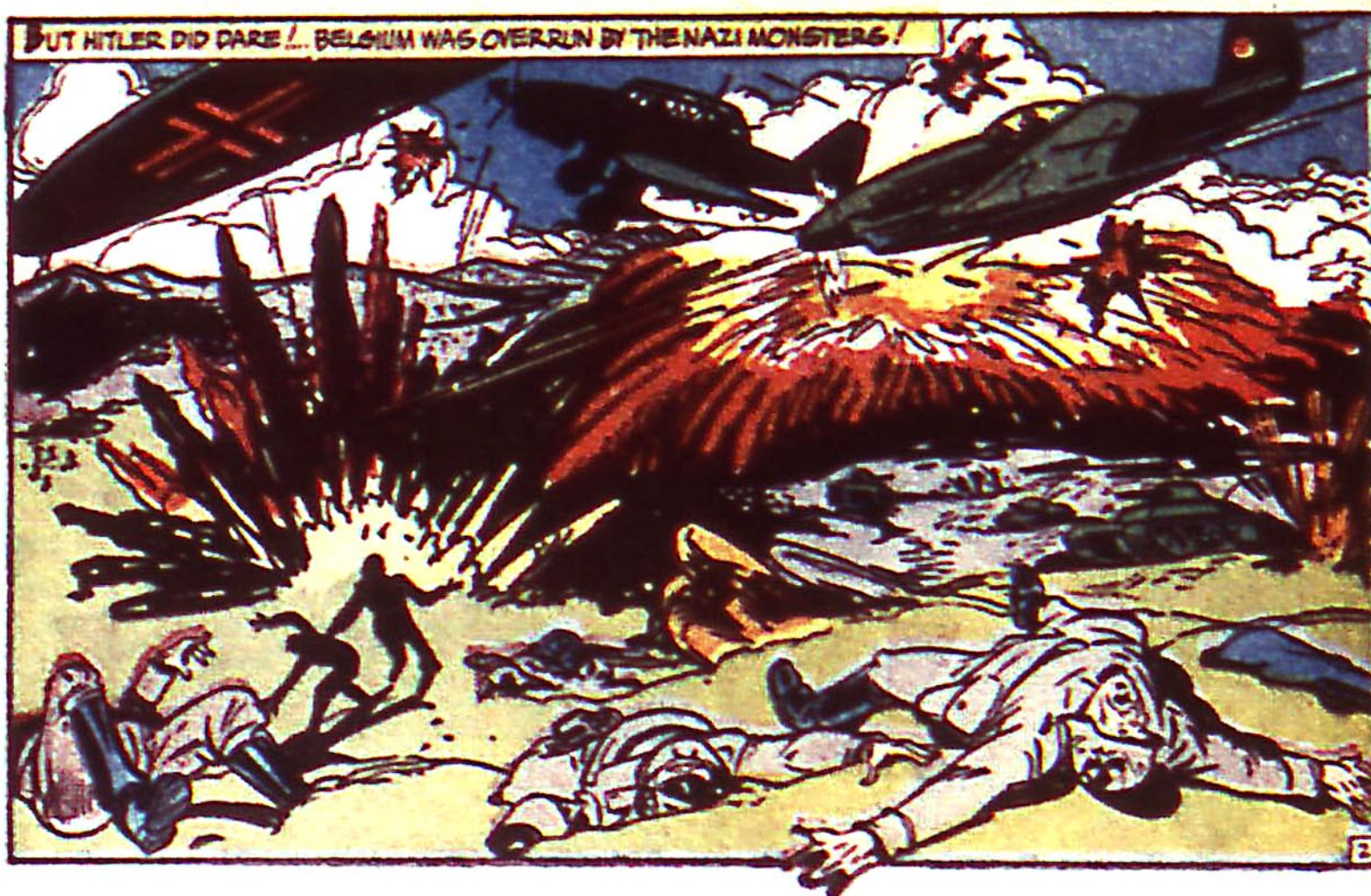
HERO

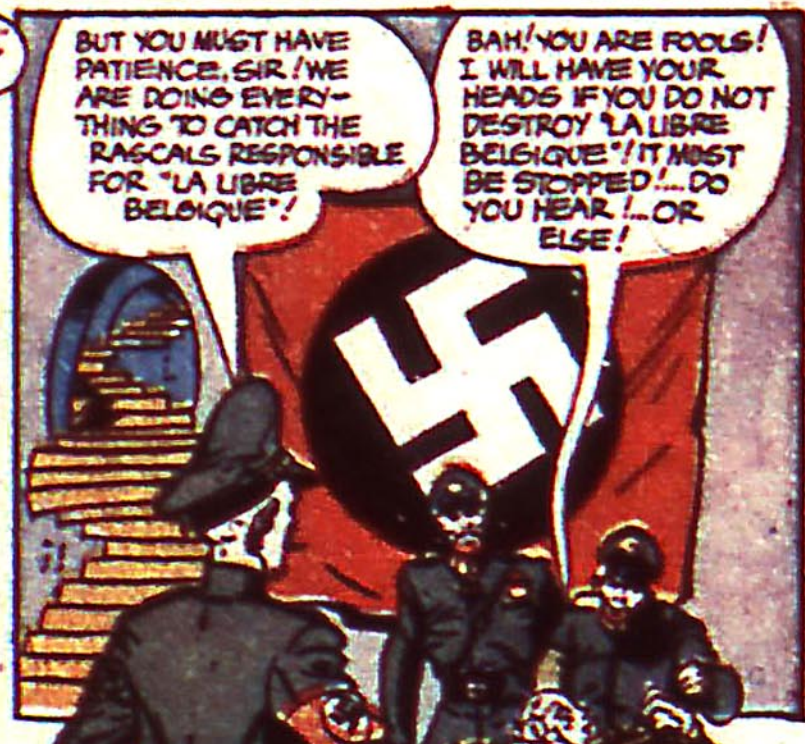
OF THE MONTH

A
TRUE
STORY



BOY COMICS PROUDLY PRESENTS PETER BROVET JR.
OF BELGIUM AS ITS HERO OF THE MONTH... BECAUSE WHAT
PETER DID TO FIGHT THE NAZIS BROUGHT GLORY TO
DEMOCRACY'S HONORED BELIEF THAT THE "PEN IS,
MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD!"





WHILE IN THE BROUET HOUSEHOLD



WHAT IS IT, PETER?
— YOU'VE BEEN SO
STRANGELY SILENT
ALL EVENING!

WELL, IT'S THE CIRCULATION
OF 'LA LIBRE BELGIQUE'.
THAT'S GOT ME WORRIED!
THE STAFF WANTS MORE
CIRCULATION IN THIS PART
OF THE CITY AND MEN AND
WOMEN ARE NOT ENOUGH!
BELGIUM NEEDS EVERYONE!
EVEN HER CHILDREN TO FIGHT
FOR HER! I
MUST TALK
TO PETER!



I KNOW FATHER! BUT YOU SEE, WE
ARE ALSO PRINTING AND DISTRIBUTING
'LA LIBRE BELGIQUE' AND WE DIDN'T
EVEN KNOW MEN LIKE YOU WERE
DOING THE SAME! THAT'S GOOD!
NEWS, FATHER!

WHAT?
YOU TOO
PRINT THE
PAPER?!



SON YOU MAKE
ME VERY PROUD
OF YOU! NOW
WE CAN ALL WORK
TOGETHER!

OF COURSE
WE IDEALLY
PITCH IN
AND HELP
WITH THE
CIRCULATION!



IT'S AN
AIR RAID!

DOWN TO THE
CELLAR QUICKLY!

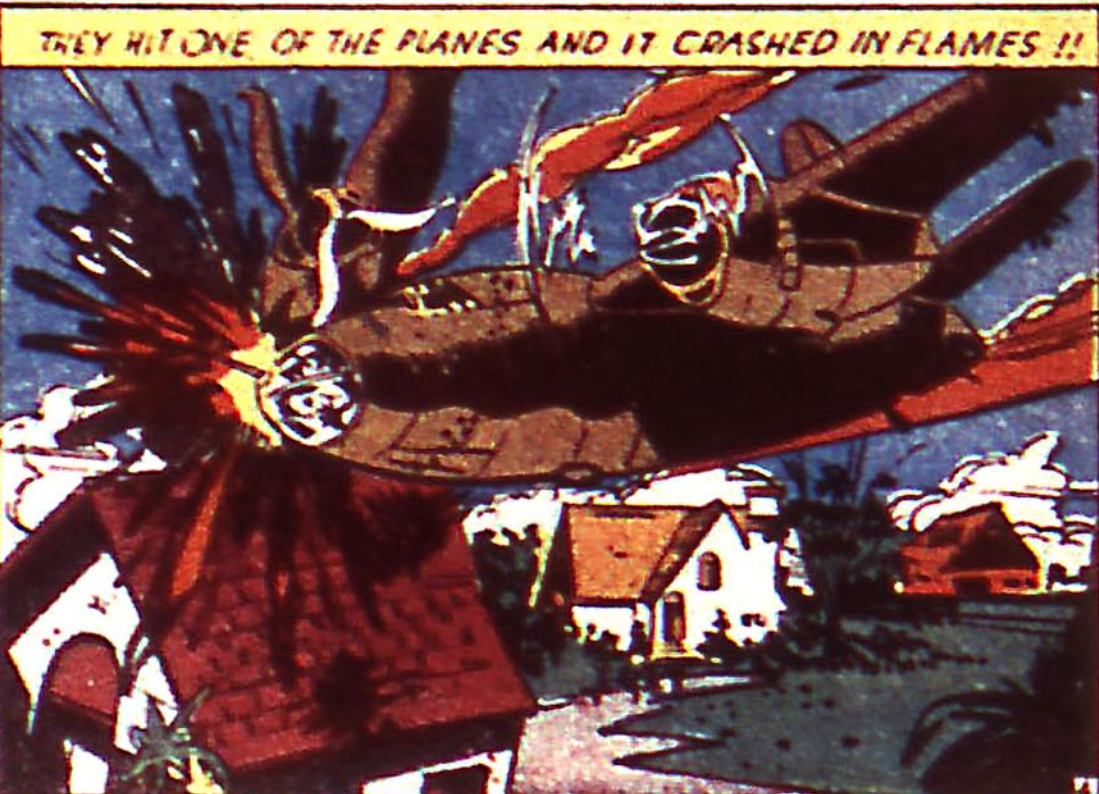


BRITISH AIR ARMADA
RETURNING FROM A RAID
ON GERMANY!

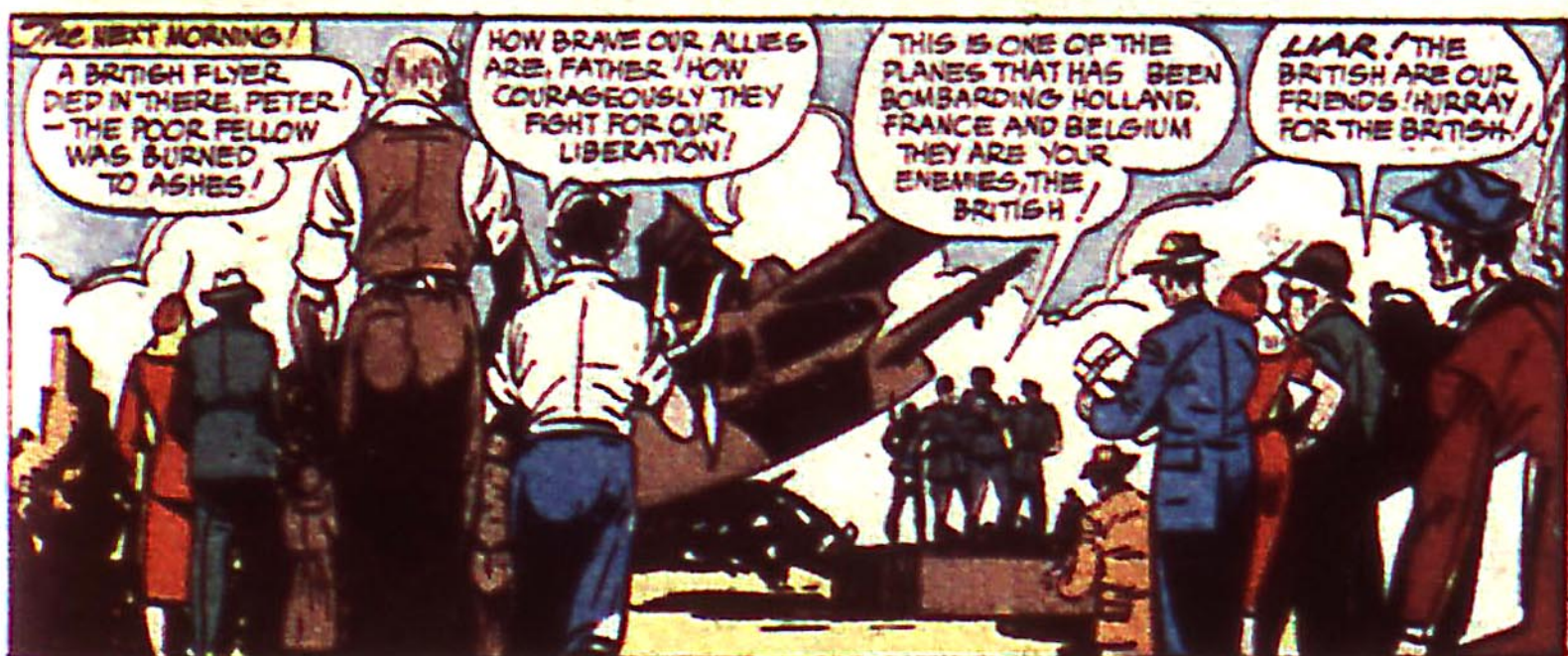


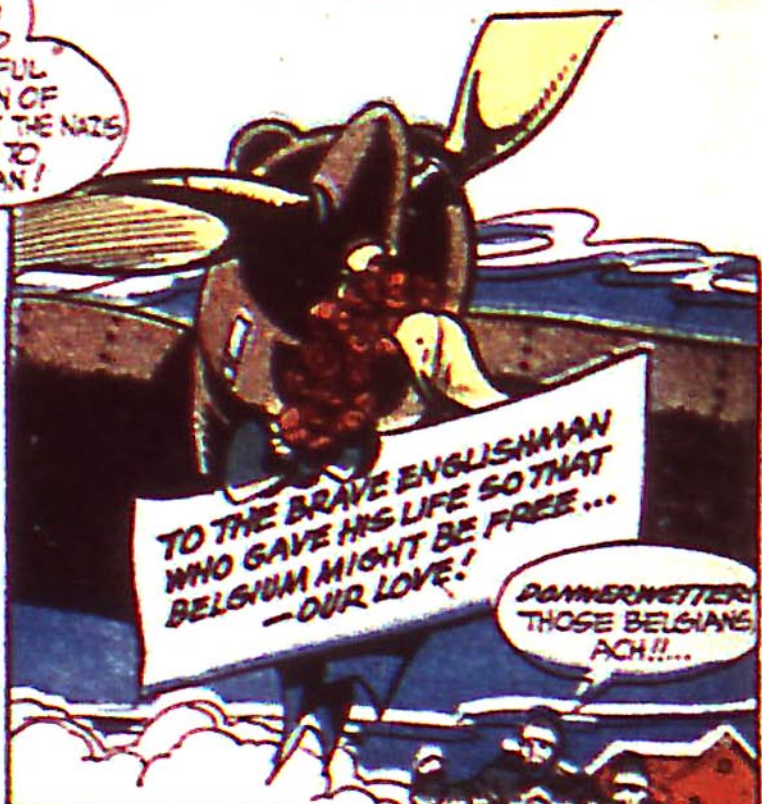
BY THE WAY
THAT ONE GOT IT!
— HOLD TIGHT!
EDDIE! WE'RE
GOING DOWN!

HIS GOSH
SAID "RASH
LAND HER WAY!"

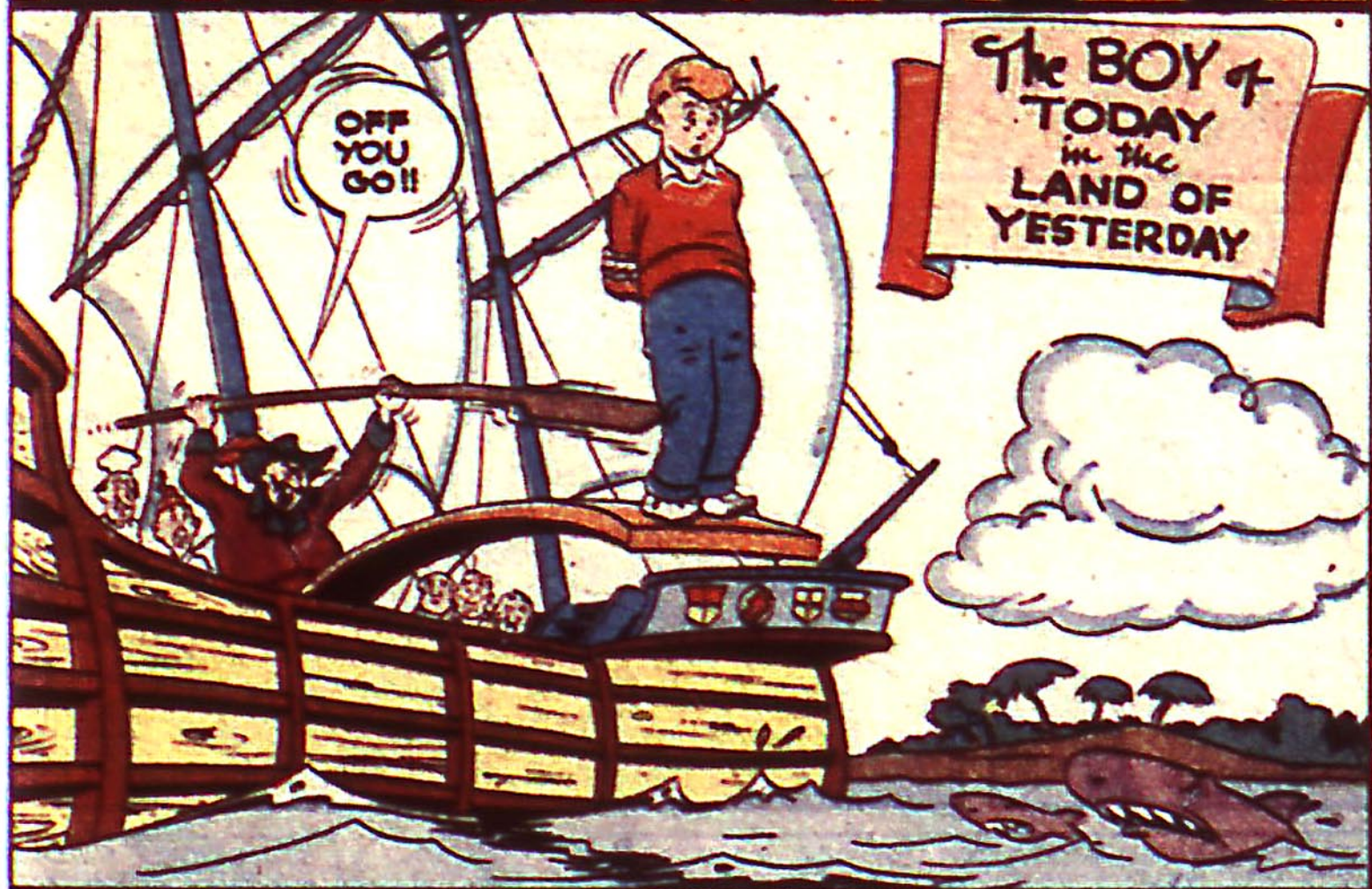


THEY HIT ONE OF THE PLANES AND IT CRASHED IN FLAMES !!

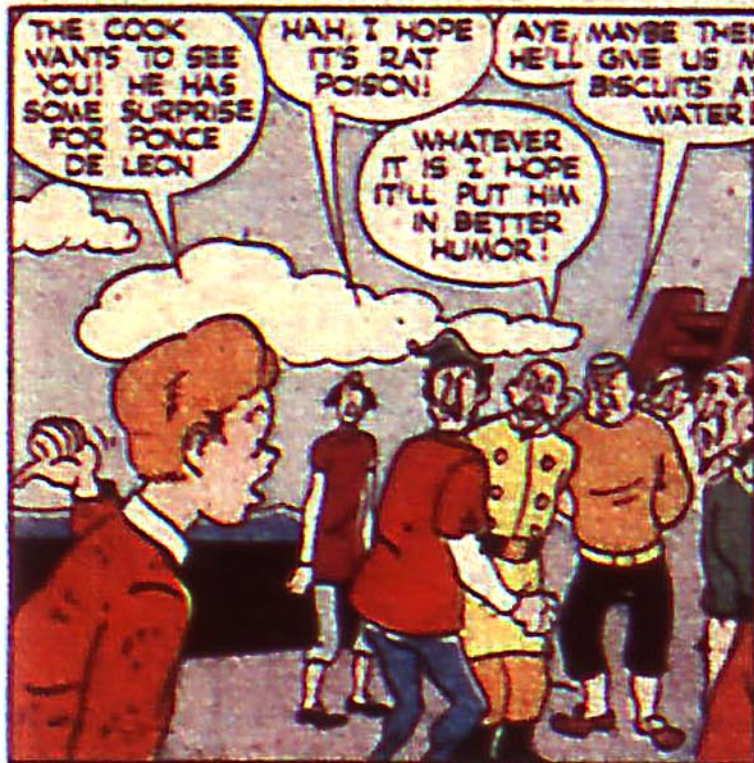




YANKEE LONGAGO







THE COOK WANTS TO SEE YOU! HE HAS SOME SURPRISE FOR PONCE DE LEON

HAH, I HOPE IT'S RAT POISON!

AYE, MAYBE THEN HE'LL GIVE US MORE BISCUITS AND WATER!

WHATEVER IT IS I HOPE IT'LL PUT HIM IN BETTER HUMOR!



IT'S PONCE DE LEON'S BIRTHDAY AND I'VE BAKED HIM A CAKE FOR A SURPRISE. WHEN I PRESENT IT, I WANT YOU FELLOWS TO SING 'HAPPY BIRTHDAY! MAYBE HE'LL BE SO PLEASED HIS TEMPER WILL IMPROVE!



SHH...

COME IN!



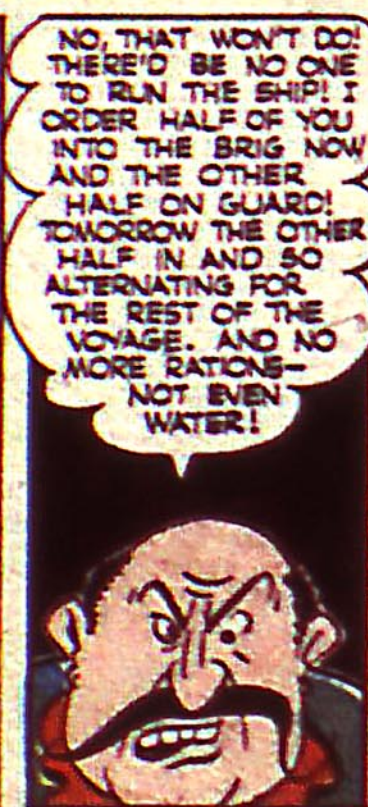
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOOOU! HAPPY BIRTHDAY TOOO YOOU...

WHAT'S THIS? HUM... FIFTY CANDLES, EH?



HOW DARE YOU INSULT ME! YOU KNOW I'M ONLY THIRTY-FIVE! YOU SHALL PAY FOR THIS! I ORDER YOU ALL INTO THE BRIG!

MMFF



NO, THAT WON'T DO! THERE'D BE NO ONE TO RUN THE SHIP! I ORDER HALF OF YOU INTO THE BRIG NOW AND THE OTHER HALF ON GUARD! TOMORROW THE OTHER HALF IN AND SO ALTERNATING FOR THE REST OF THE VOYAGE. AND NO MORE RATIONS—NOT EVEN WATER!

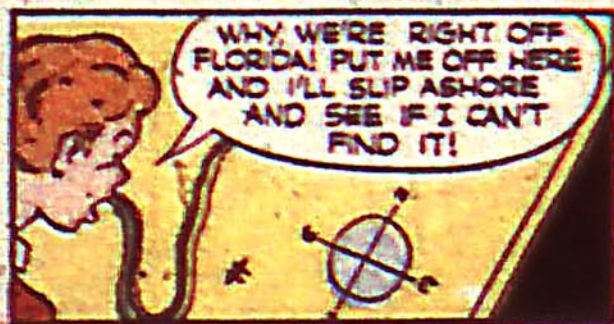


IF PONCE DOESN'T FIND THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH, WE'LL ALL BE DEAD!



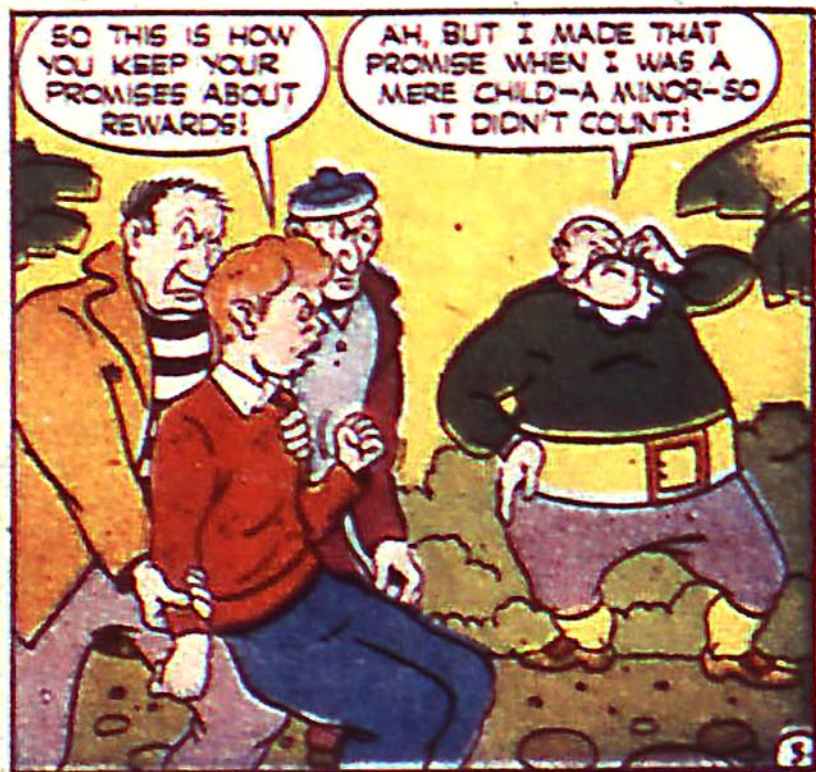
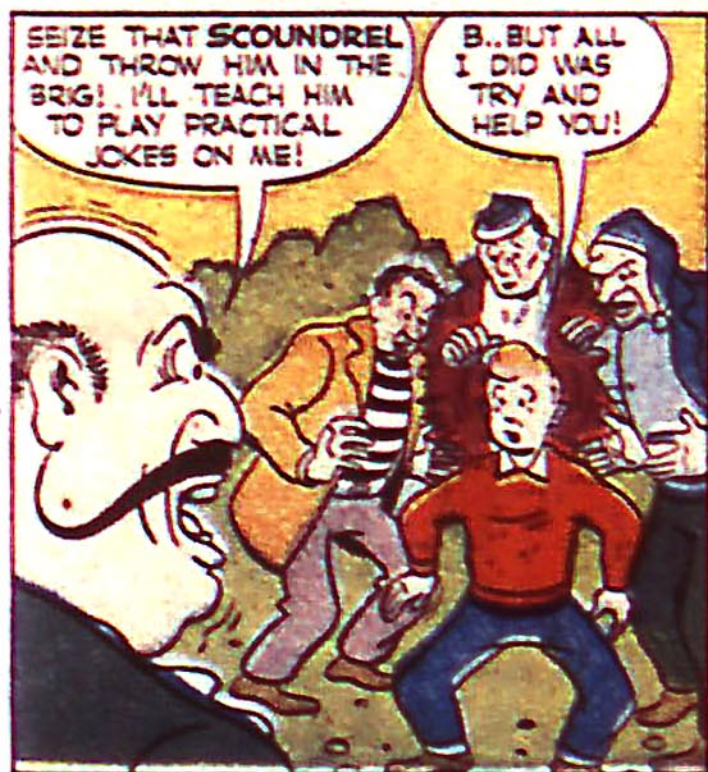
AYE! HE'LL NOT RETURN TO SPAIN UNTIL HE FINDS IT!

IF I KNEW YOUR POSITION, MAYBE I COULD HELP!



WHY, WE'RE RIGHT OFF FLORIDA! PUT ME OFF HERE AND I'LL SLIP ASHORE AND SEE IF I CAN'T FIND IT!





OH, DEAR, YANKEE! THAT NASTY PONCE IS GOING TO HAVE YOU WALK THE PLANK AT DAWN. AND WE CAN'T RESCUE YOU BECAUSE HE'S HIDDEN THE KEYS TO THE BRIG!

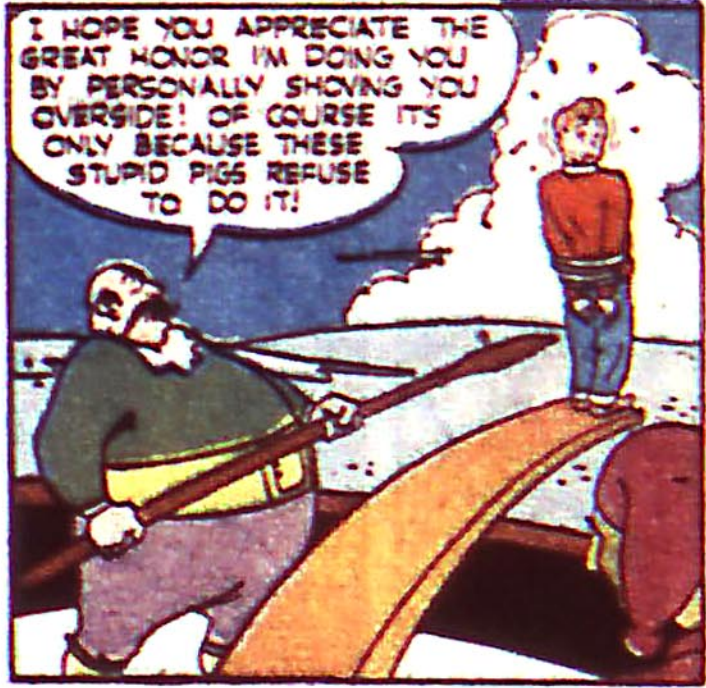


GULP! I GUESS YOU'RE DOOMED! (SNIFF) BUT ANYHOW HERE-TAKE THIS...A SORT OF PARTING GIFT! I BAKED IT SPECIALLY FOR YOU!

OH...ER.. THANKS A LOT!

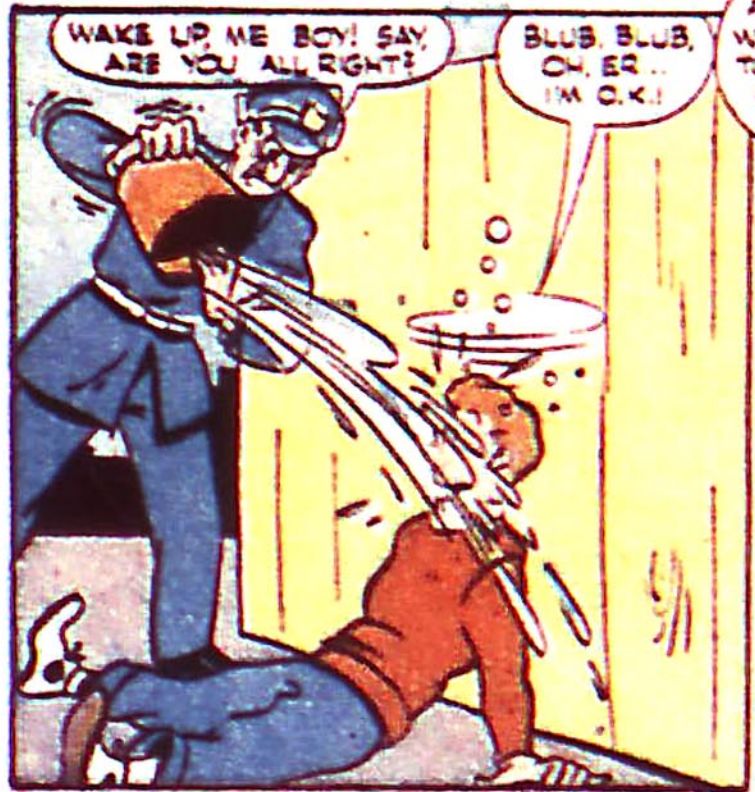


I HOPE YOU APPRECIATE THE GREAT HONOR I'M DOING YOU BY PERSONALLY SHOIVING YOU OVERSIDE! OF COURSE ITS ONLY BECAUSE THESE STUPID PIGS REFUSE TO DO IT!



WAKE UP ME BOY! SAY, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

BLUB, BLUB, OH, ER... I'M O.K.!



AFTER SEEING WHAT HAPPENED TO PONCE I GUESS I'LL LET NATURE TAKE ITS COURSE!



THE END

DAREDEVIL AND THE CRYING KILLER

By DICK WOOD

YOUNG Archie Duggan glared balefully into the large full mirror and watched two tears drip down the side of his pasty cheeks. A smile slowly curled his thin lips and he broke into a wild gale of laughter. Crying and laughing were two great emotions and Archie liked them both—but he liked crying best for that was his business.

Not many people had ever seen Archie laugh, but a good many had regretted seeing him cry. Like the street car conductor who listened to Archie's sad tale of woe and allowed himself to be lured into a side street to talk. While the conductor pitied his tears, Archie slammed his snub nosed automatic into his side and took a week's pay. But that was mild compared to some of the little crier's episodes. The conductor hadn't resisted but others had. Several of them had been long buried and others were still suffering in the hospital. The little crier was also a killer when fate moved against him.

Daredevil shook his shoulders as he stepped out of the train and headed into Grand Central Station. He was in plain clothes and it gave him an uncomfortable feeling to have the smooth clinging suit of red and blue under his other one. He was half-way through the station when the little man bumped into him.

"Ah, pardon me," Archie muttered. "I—I'm kinda lost—can you tell me where Lexington Avenue is?"

Daredevil pointed. "Sure, over there!"

For a moment the little man hesitated.

"Gosh," he said, "I—I wonder if you would walk me over. I—I can't see well—I'm a stranger and I'm hurt!"

Daredevil allowed himself to be steered into a nearby exit. They were half-way up the steps when Archie suddenly stopped, swung about and placed his automatic against *Daredevil's* ribs.

"Alright pal," he hissed, "cought up your wallet and be fast about it."

Daredevil hesitated. One iron fist doubled up and swung slowly back behind him. Then he stopped. Gently *Daredevil* handed the little killer his wallet and stood back, a look of fear on his face. Archie moved into the nearby crowd leering and *Daredevil* stepped back against the wall wide-eyed. For a split moment he stood there until the crying killer had gone from view, then he stepped forward. Carefully hugging the wall, he headed after Archie.

A half hour later Archie crept into his room and carefully opened the brown wallet. His black beady eyes snapped open in surprise as he came across a card with *Daredevil's* insignia on it.

"D-Daredevil" he stuttered. "Good gosh! I-I've robbed *Daredevil* himself."

For a moment Archie stood there thinking. Then slowly he tiptoed to the door and listened. He knew that there was no thief in the country clever enough to lift a wallet from *Daredevil* if America's ace crime-cracker didn't wish it. Still there was more than one way to skin a cat. Undoubtedly *Daredevil* followed him home but if he was smart he could turn that into a very useful thing. It wasn't every crook who had had *Daredevil* right in his lair. There was no noise outside

but then Archie hadn't expected to overhear an expert as clever as *Daredevil*. He tiptoed back to the telephone and called a number.

He spoke softly into the mouthpiece. "Hello, Mack . . . Listen, *Daredevil* is outside my door—bring some of the boys—surround the house—hurry!"

Archie replaced the phone and took a large forty-five automatic from his bureau drawer. A smile cracked his face as he fitted the clip of bullets into it. This was going to be a big showdown and it called for a big gun. What a name he would have in the underworld when *Daredevil* lay dead on his doorstep. He would rule the roost and be the pride and envy of every big time killer in town. He waited five minutes facing the door; the automatic clutched in his thin hand. Still no sound. *Daredevil* was probably waiting for him to make a move. Ha, what a laugh that would be! The great *Daredevil* waiting to spring a trap and all the time he himself was being trapped.

He smiled broadly as he thought of that. There wasn't a way he could lose now. If *Daredevil* entered now he could shoot him dead before he had a chance to bring his great physical strength into play. If *Daredevil* chose to wait outside, it was just a matter of time before Mack's boys closed in. He went over to the window and looked out. It was about time for the boys to arrive but he couldn't see them. He put his head and shoulder out the window to look further down the street and it happened. Something tight snapped about his waist and he was yanked out and up.

Dangling high over the street by the rope, Archie's body shook with fear. He looked up and turned pale. There was *Daredevil* in his flashing blue and red uniform rapidly pulling him to the roof-top. He struggled and then stopped. If he should slip free, it would mean death on the street below. A steel hand reached down and pulled him to the roof-top.

"Speak up," *Daredevil* said harshly. "How many of them are coming?"

"H-how many what?" Archie stammered.

The steel hand tightened about his arm until he winced. "You know what I mean—your mob—how many, quick?"

Archie's mind reeled. How could he know others were coming.

"I-I don't know," he said hopelessly. "I

just told them to come."

"Alright," *Daredevil* said. "We're going down together."

Archie felt himself propelled toward the stairway. Held out in front by one of *Daredevil's* arms they went down slowly. At the front door Archie stopped. His face was a frightened mass of fear.

"D-Don't make me go out," he pleaded. "They'll shoot us both. They don't care about me. Not if they can get you."

Daredevil shoved him through the door. "You should have thought of that before. Besides you shouldn't be afraid of death . . . you've certainly handed out enough yourself."

Outside in the street four men lounged near a car. *Daredevil's* mind worked quickly. Archie was right when he said they would shoot them both and he had no wish to be on the receiving end of a tommy gun. Pushing Archie ahead of him he headed boldly across to the men. If his plan was to work he would have to act quickly and count on the surprise element to carry him through. He could see the men stiffen now. They hadn't expected any such action. Their hands had just started for their guns when *Daredevil* swung into action.

One hand clutched Archie by the seat of the trousers and with one easy motion he flung the screaming killer straight into the group. A gun barked as Archie struck, then the four men were flung lengthways on the sidewalk. Curses rang out as they struggled stunned to their feet. *Daredevil* was in action now. Like a great cat he swung into their midst lashing out lefts and rights with lightning-like speed. One large man slammed backwards over the hood of the car, out of the fight for good with a broken jaw. A second had a gun out now, but before his finger could tighten on the trigger *Daredevil* had caught his wrist and sent him sailing through the air. The remaining two flung themselves in desperation onto *Daredevil's* back. With one shrug of his powerful shoulders he flung them to the ground and sent them into oblivion with two well placed blows.

Several hours later *Daredevil* handed Archie, the crying killer, a handkerchief as he sat in his cell. Large wet tears were rolling down Archie's face—but this time they weren't false—they were very much the real thing.

Swoop Storm



Looks as though Swoop Storm and Winkie have run into trouble of a very special sort! If you're wondering about where they are and who the fellow with a beard is—start reading. This is one adventure Winkie will NEVER forget.

WHAT ARE THOSE THINGS FOR, SWOOP?

THESE ARE SUPERPOWERED SMALL ROCKETS TO PROPEL THIS NEW PLANE-- A SINGLE PAIR WILL GIVE IT A SPEED OF 800 MILES AN HOUR FOR ABOUT AN HOURS TIME!

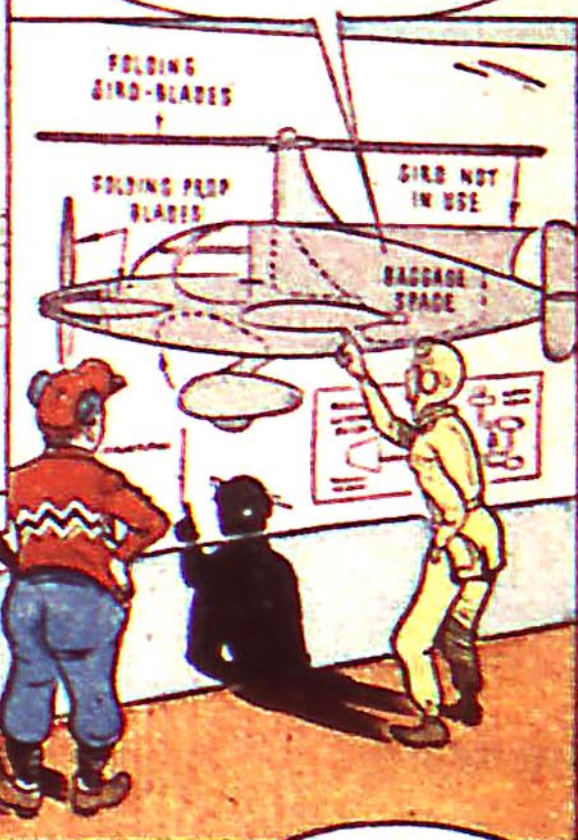
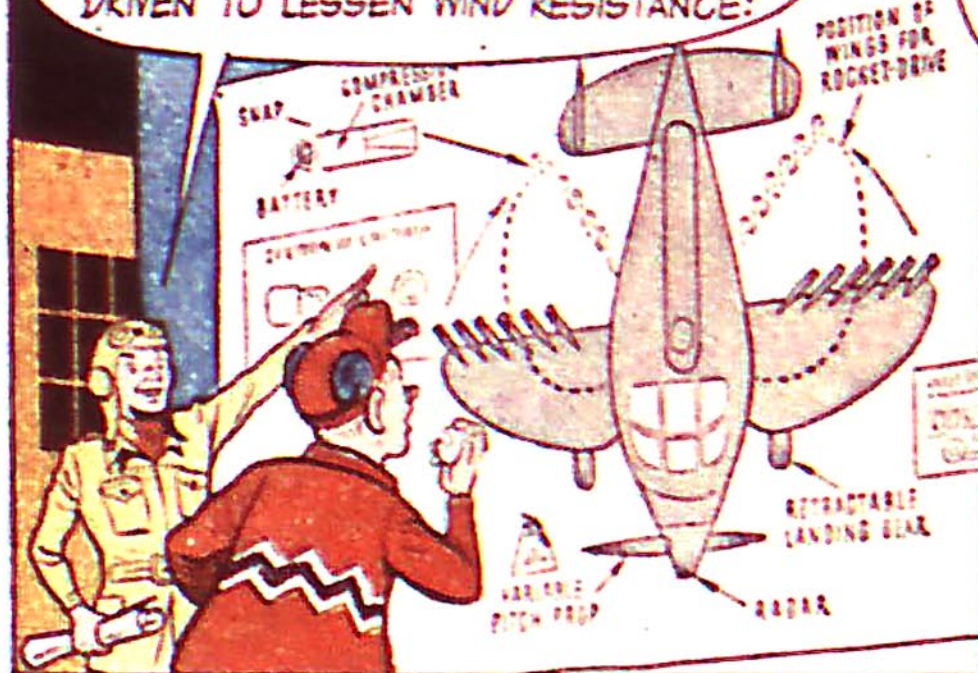
GEE! YOU'VE GOT TWELVE PAIR--THAT MEANS YOU CAN TRAVEL 9600 MILES!!

THAT'S NOT ALL--COME AND I'LL SHOW YOU THE PLANS! THIS PLANE WILL REVOLUTIONIZE POST WAR TRAVEL!



YOU SEE, WINKIE, THIS IS A THREE-WAY PLANE! PROPELLER, ROCKET, GIRO-DRIVEN--- BESIDES THAT IT HAS SPECIAL RADAR EQUIPMENT IN THE NOSE AS AN EXTRA SAFETY FEATURE-- THE WINGS FOLD BACK WHEN ITS ROCKET DRIVEN TO LESSEN WIND RESISTANCE!

-- WHEN THE PLANE IS IN DANGER OF COLLISION, THE RADAR AUTOMATICALLY CHECKS FORWARD FLIGHT, AND THE RETRACTABLE GIRO IS RELEASED AND MAINTAINS THE PLANE'S ALTITUDE UNTIL THE PILOT CAN READJUST HIS COURSE!



YOU'VE REALLY GOT SOMETHING! I HOPE YOU'LL TAKE ME ON THE TEST FLIGHT!

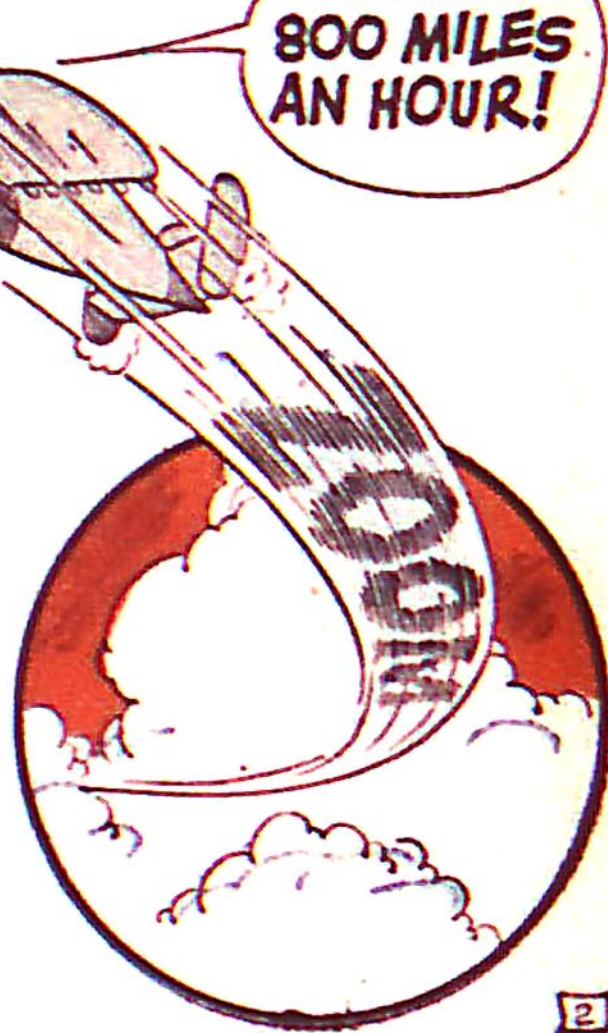
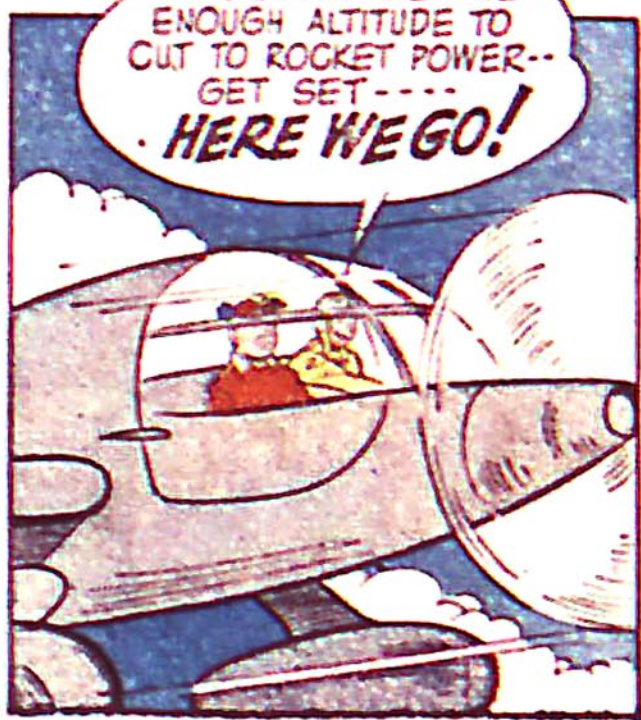
SURE--I'M PLANNING TO TAKE A TRIP TO ALASKA TO TEST IT---- WE'LL LEAVE TOMORROW!



WOW! SWOOP- 800 MILES AN HOUR!

--I GUESS WE HAVE ENOUGH ALTITUDE TO CUT TO ROCKET POWER-- GET SET ---- **HERE WE GO!**

AND SO THE NEXT DAY--



I CAN'T SEE A THING WINKIE--ALL I KNOW IS THAT WE'RE SOMEWHERE IN THE INTERIOR OF ALASKA AND LOSING ALTITUDE!

GEE, SWOOP I CAN'T SEE A--- **OH MIGOSH!** WE'RE HEADIN' RIGHT FOR A MOUNTAIN! S'POSE THE GIRO'S FROZEN---- GULP!!

WHEW--- WINKIE, I NEVER MEANT TO TEST THAT SAFETY DEVICE SO REALISTICALLY! I THINK WE'D BETTER LAND TIL THE STORM BLOWS OVER!

GEE-- I'LL BET NO HUMAN EVER SET FOOT IN THIS PLACE BEFORE!

I GOT YA COVERED!

DON'T REACH FOR NO SHOOTIN' IRONS AND EFFEN YA CAN'T UNDERSTAND MY LANGUAGE I STILL MEAN IT!

SURE AS MY NAME IS PICK-AX PETE IF IT AINT MORE FELLERS FROM MARS! AINT TWO OF YOU ENOUGH ALREADY?

MARS?

THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE-- WE'RE NOT FROM MARS!



FOR LAND'S SAKE! YOU SPEAK ENGLISH-- IT'S THE FIRST TIME IN FORTY YEARS I'VE HEARD IT SPOKE-- CEPT WHEN I TALK TO MYSELF!

WAL- I WUZ ALONE TILL A COUPLA CURIOUS CRITTERS COME FLOATIN' DOWN FROM MARS A YEAR OR SO AGO-- C'MON I'LL SHOW YA-

THERE THEY BE STUPID CRITTERS! JABBER ALL THE TIME CAN'T UNDERSTAND A WORD OF IT!

YE GODS! THEY'RE JAPS, SIR- THEY'RE AT WAR WITH

AMERICA ---- PROBABLY THEY WERE SPYING ON ARMY INSTALLATIONS AND CRASHED!





SPIES! FIGHTING AMERICA! --- I'LL SHOOT THEM DEAD!

WAIT--YOU CAN'T DO THAT!--THEY'RE PRISONERS!

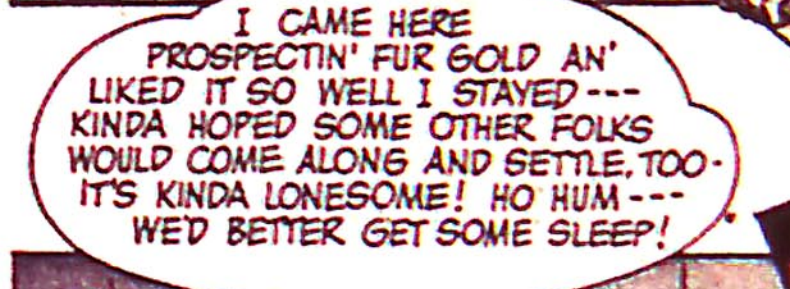


OH WELL, ALL RIGHT, I'LL LEAVE THEM BE! C'MON INSIDE AND TELL ME WHAT'S GOIN' ON AND VISIT AWHILE!



FOR LAND'S SAKE! ALL THEM THINGS--SOUNDS LIKE MIRACLES--RADIO, ARRYPLANES, ELECTRICITY--

TELL ME PETE, HOW DID YOU HAPPEN TO STAY HERE ALL THESE YEARS?



I CAME HERE PROSPECTIN' FUR GOLD AN' LIKED IT SO WELL I STAYED---KINDA HOPED SOME OTHER FOLKS WOULD COME ALONG AND SETTLE, TOO--IT'S KINDA LONESOME! HO HUM---WE'D BETTER GET SOME SLEEP!

NEXT MORNING...



I'M AFRAID WE'LL HAVE TO BE ON OUR WAY SOON, AND I'D LIKE PERMISSION TO TAKE THOSE JAPS ALONG AND TURN THEM OVER TO THE AUTHORITIES!



THEM VARMINTS! TAKE 'EM AN' WELCOME

HEY! WHAT'S THAT?



THE JAPS! THEY'VE SWIPED OUR PLANE!

HEY! COME BACK!

I WOULDN'T WORRY IF I WAS YOU--



WHAT THE--

HA-HA-FOOLED THEM!

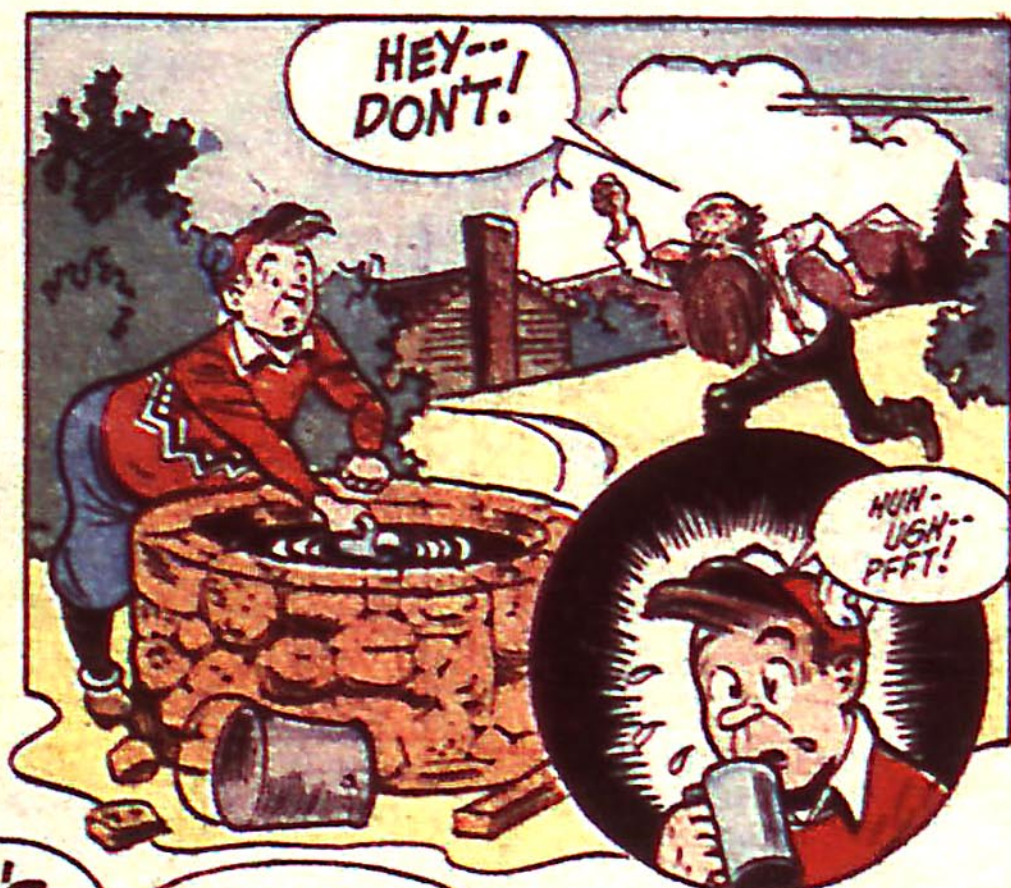


I JUST HITCHED MY BIGGEST BEAR TRAP TO THIS CONTRAPTION SO IT WOULDN'T FLY OFF BY ITSELF! NOW LET ME HELP YOU TIE UP THEM FELLERS SO THEY WON'T BE ANY TROUBLE!



GUESS THAT'S THAT--
NOW BEFORE YOU GO
I GOT ANOTHER PRESENT
FOR YOU FELLERS!

YOU'VE BEEN SWELL,
PETE-- THAT BEARTRAP
TRICK WAS PRESENT
ENOUGH--- WONDER
WHERE WINKIE IS?



HEY--
DON'T!

HUH--
UGH--
PFFT!



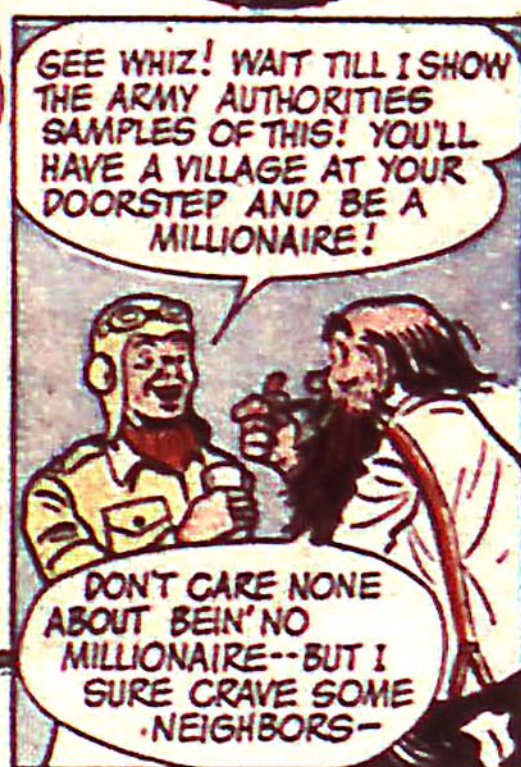
PHOOEY--
I'VE BEEN
POISONED!

GOSH!
LET'S
SEE

I TRIED
TO WARN
YA!

IT'S
OIL!

WHOLE GROUNDS
FULL OF IT--- CAN'T
DRILL FER WATER NOR
DIG FER GOLD WITH-
OUT HITTING THAT
CONFOUNDED
STUFF!



GEE WHIZ! WAIT TILL I SHOW
THE ARMY AUTHORITIES
SAMPLES OF THIS! YOU'LL
HAVE A VILLAGE AT YOUR
DOORSTEP AND BE A
MILLIONAIRE!

DON'T CARE NONE
ABOUT BEIN' NO
MILLIONAIRE--- BUT I
SURE CRAVE SOME
NEIGHBORS--

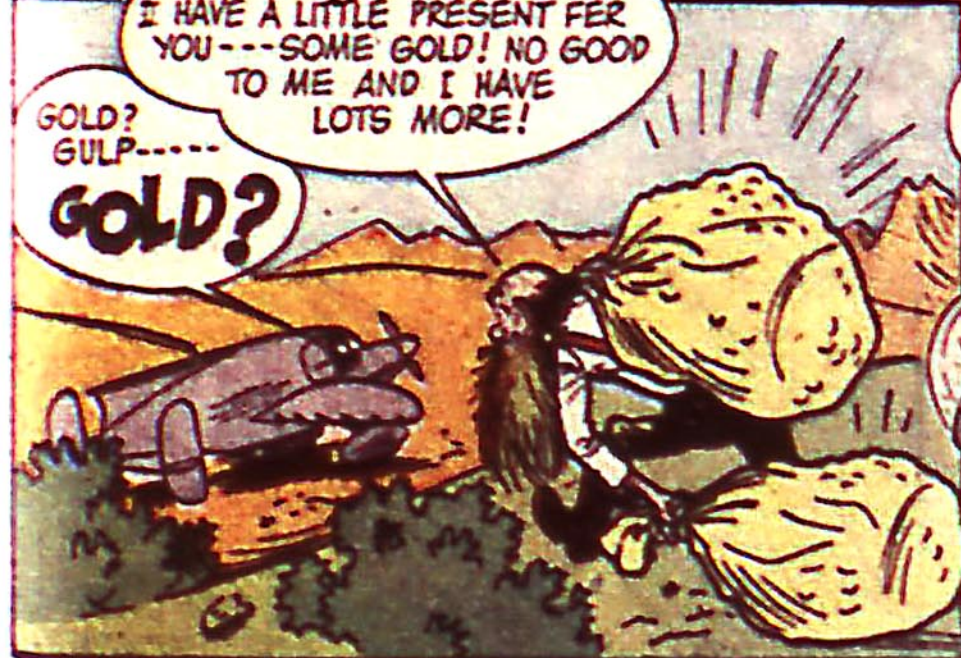


HEY! WAIT A MINUTE--

I HAVE A LITTLE PRESENT FER
YOU--- SOME GOLD! NO GOOD
TO ME AND I HAVE
LOTS MORE!

GOLD?
GULP-----

GOLD?



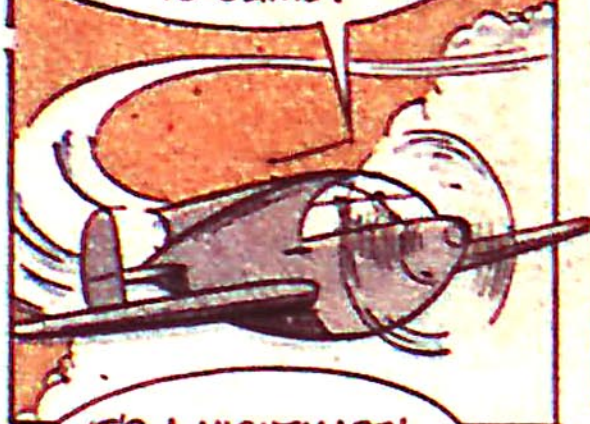
GOSH! BAGS OF
GOLD! WOW! WE'RE
PRACTICALLY
MILLIONAIRES!

HE'S A SWELL
GUY! HOPE THE
ARMY DEVELOPS
THE OIL!



HOURS LATER...

WE'RE IN A JAM, WINKIE--
MY GAS IS RUNNING LOW AND
I CAN'T USE THE ROCKETS TILL
I GET MORE ALTITUDE--THE
PLANE IS TOO HEAVY
TO CLIMB!



ONLY ONE THING TO
DO---THROW THE GOLD
OVER TO LIGHTEN THE
PLANE!

**THROW THE
GOLD OVER?**
ARE YOU CRAZY?
HOW ABOUT THROWING
THE JAPS OV--

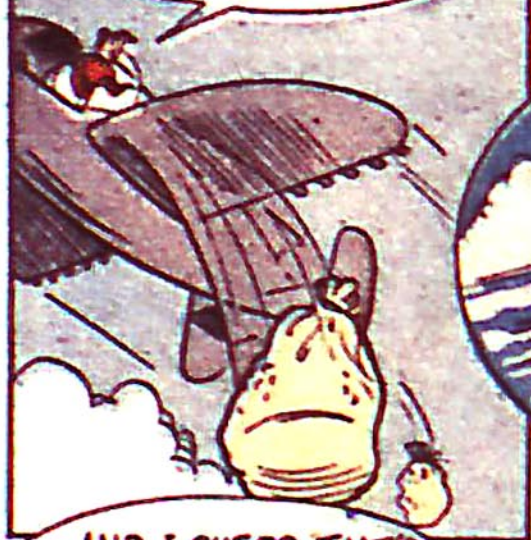


YOU HEARD ME!
THROW OUT THE GOLD!

O.K! O.K!
ONLY I STILL
SAY--



IT'S A NIGHTMARE!
THROWING **GOLD** AWAY!
NOBODY WILL EVER
BELIEVE ME!-- ALL ON
ACCOUNT OF THOSE LOUSY
JAP PRISONERS!



O.K. WE'RE
CLEAR--- I'M
CUTTING OVER
TO THE ROCKET
DRIVE!



IT'S
**SWOOP
STORM!**
THE C.O. IS
EXPECTING
HIM!

**WHATA
PLANE!**
WISH I COULD
MAKE A FLIGHT
IN IT!



- AND I GUESS THAT'S
ALL, SIR-- I DO HOPE
YOU'LL INVESTIGATE PETE'S
VALLEY THOUGH-- IT HAS
GREAT POSSIBILITIES!

I'M
SURE WE'LL
USE IT-- AND
WE'LL SEE THAT PETE
GETS A RADIO AND OTHER
NEW-FANGLED GADGETS--
---BY THE WAY--
WHERE'S WINKIE?



- BUT I TELL YOU
IT'S TRUE! I HAD
TO THROW ABOUT A MILLION
DOLLARS WORTH OF GOLD
OVERSIDE --- BAGS
AND BAGS!

OH
YEAH!

HA-HA-
I GUESS THE
ALTITUDE GOT
YOU AT LAST!

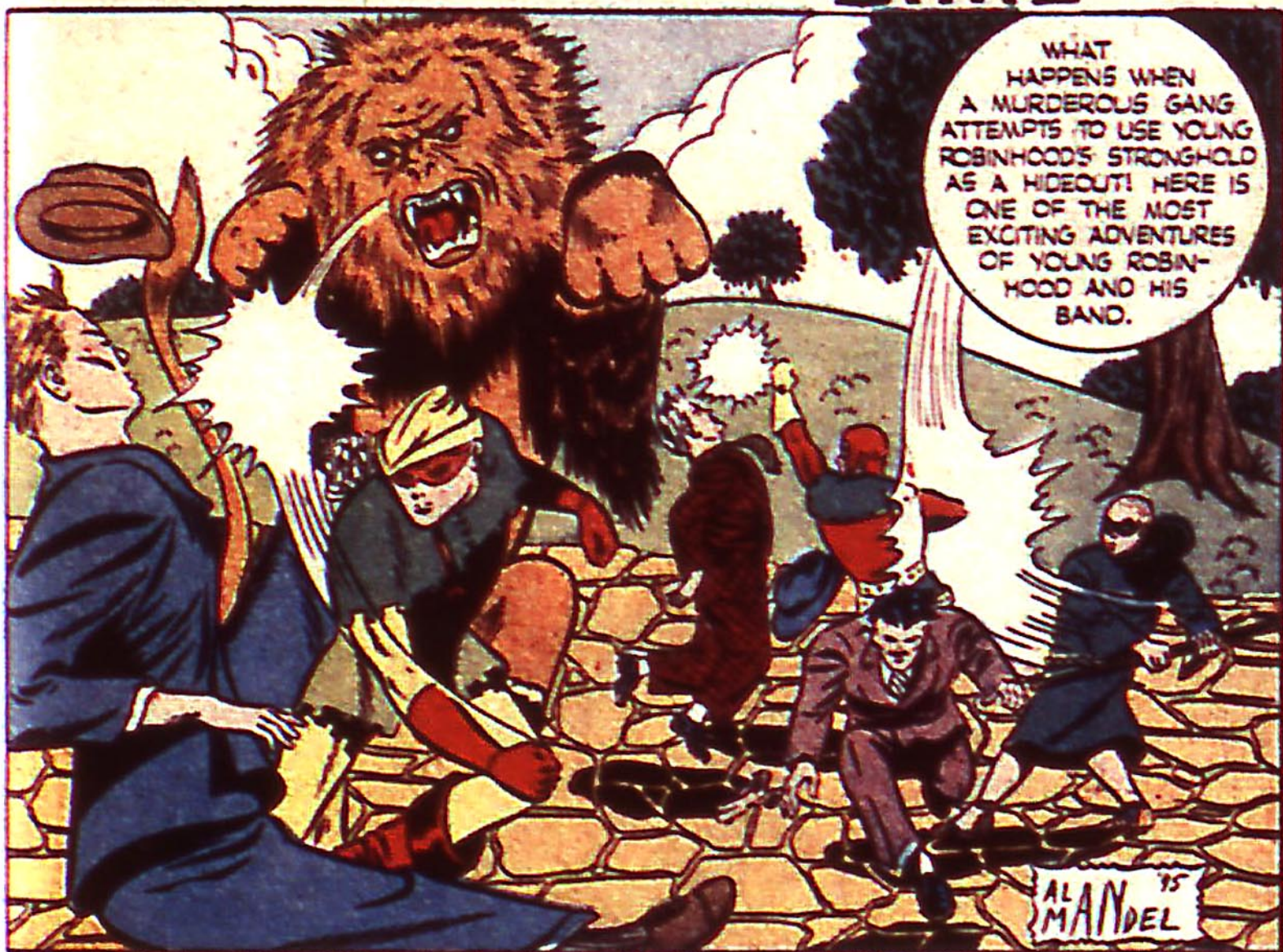
SO YOU WOKE
UP AND IT WAS ALL
A **BEE-U-TIFUL**
DREAM !!!



END

YOUNG Robinhood

and his **BAND**



MEANWHILE, IN A NEARBY SECTION OF CENTRAL PARK...





SOUNDS LIKE TROUBLE! LET'S GO, GANG!



GEE, WHO'D WANT TO HURT HIM? ALL HE DOES IS GO AROUND PAINTING!



IT'S BLINKY ROSS! WHY THE LOUSE DIDN'T HAVE TO HURT THIS POOR GUY! WELL, ONE THING--THE COPS WILL BE INTERESTED TO KNOW HE'S AROUND!



BLINKY, WHY NOT KNOCK 'DEM KIDS OFF BEFORE DEY CAN TIP OFF DA COPS?

SHHH... I HAVE A BETTER IDEA! FOIST LET'S FND ROBIN-HOOD'S HIDEOUT! WE'D BE SAFE THERE! DEN WE KNOCK 'EM OFF!



I HOPE PETER WILL GET WELL AT THE HOSPITAL! THEN HE'LL BE ABLE TO IDENTIFY THE OTHERS WITH BLINKY!

I'D LIKE TO TAKE A CRACK AT THOSE FELLOWS! I KINDA HOPE WE CATCH UP WITH THEM BEFORE THE COPS DO!



KEEP FAR ENOUGH AWAY THAT THEY WON'T NOTICE--BUT DON'T LOSE SIGHT OF 'EM!

OKAY, OKAY, BUT I STILL THINK WE OUGHTA HAVE BUMPED 'EM OFF BEFORE!



THEY'VE DISAPPEARED! BUT HOW COULD THEY...

I KNEW WE SHOULD'VE KILLED 'EM WHEN WE COULD!

SHUDDUP! I GOT AN IDEA! WE'LL FIND DAT PLACE AND KNOCK 'EM OFF!



LATE THAT NIGHT...

NOW LISTEN, FROGFACE, YOU HIDE IN THIS TREE AND WATCH WHERE THOSE KIDS COME FROM WHEN I START YELLIN' FOR HELP!



OKAY NOW! MAKE YER ACT GOOD! PRETEND YER REALLY STICKIN' ME UP! HELP!! HELP!!



QUICK, SOMEONE
IS CALLING FOR
HELP!



THERE THEY
ARE NEAR THOSE
TREES!



HEY, BOSS! THE
HIDEOUT'S IN THE
STATUE!

WE'VE
BEEN
TRICKED!



LET'S DUCK! THEY GOT THE
JUMP ON US RIGHT NOW! IF
IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THAT
DUMB FROGFACE YELLIN'!

YER PHONEY
MUSTACHE! YA
LOST IT,
BLINKY!



THEY'RE
HEADED FOR
THE ZOO!





LITTLE DYNAMITE

IF I EVER FIND
OUT WHO DONE
DIS I'LL KNOCK
HIS BLOCK OFF!
DAT'S WHAT!



LITTLE DYNAMITE PLAYS CURID

YESSIR HE REALLY
DOES! OF COURSE
HE'S A TOUGH
TWO FISTED
FIGHTING CUPID--
BUT IT WORKS
AND THAT'S WHAT
COUNTS!



CUPID
BOY

DAT SHOW AINT BAD
FELLERS. BUT IT
NEEDS A DAME IN
IT TA GIVE IT SOME
JIVE - BETTY OHARA!
DATS DA BABE WHAT
COULD FILL DA BILL!

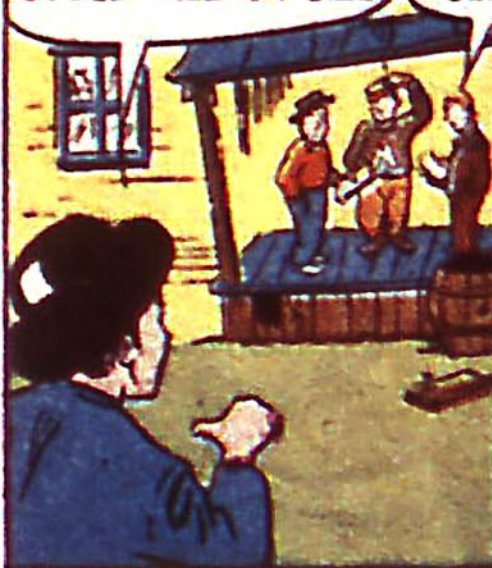
AW! SHE'S RUNNIN'
AROUND WITH THAT
RAT FERRET,
WHO RUNS
THE "HOT
SHOT" NIGHT
CLUB -

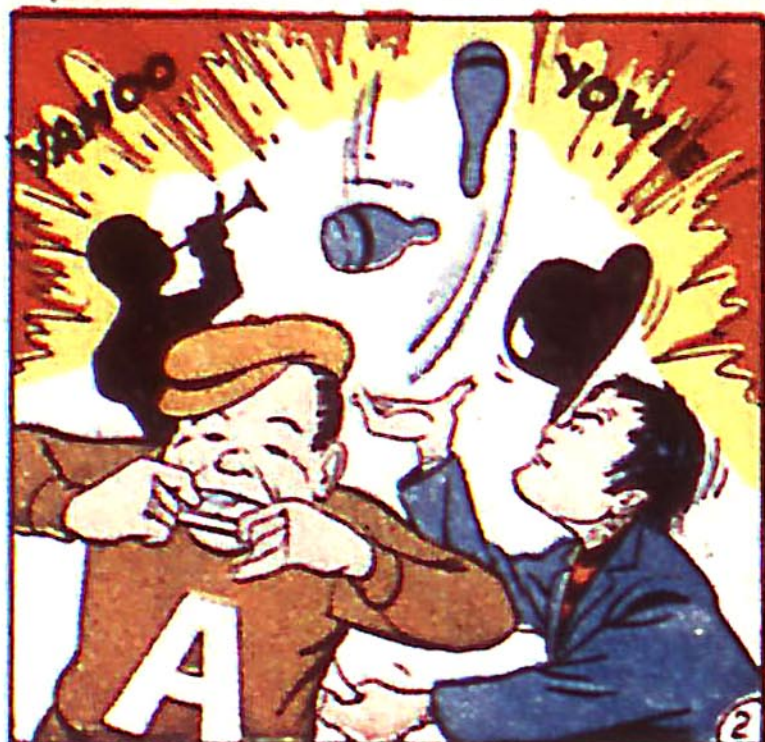
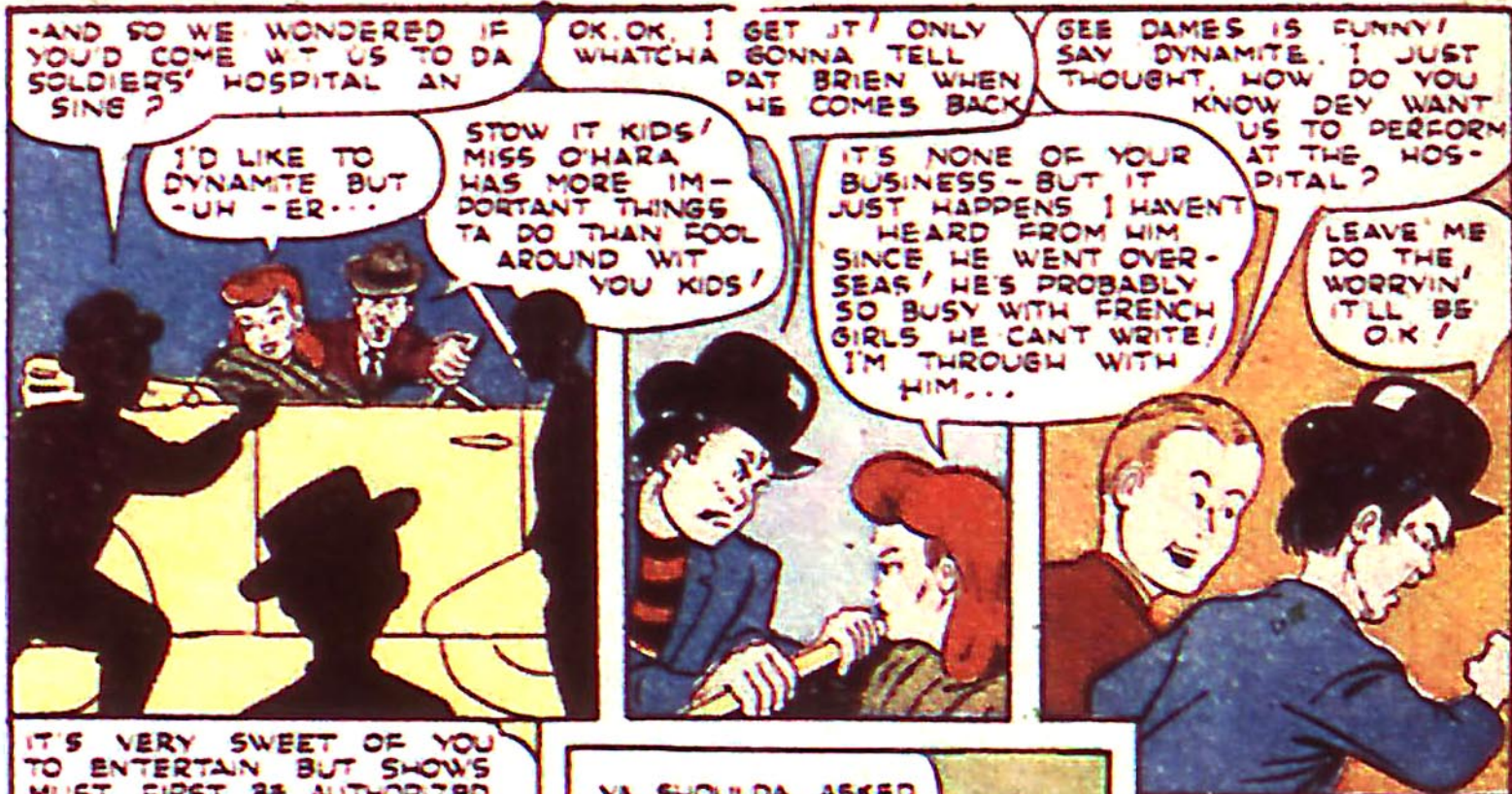
VA KIDDEN - SHE'S
PAT BRIEN'S DAME!
YOU REMEMBER -
DA GOOD LOOKIN'
COPPER WHAT JOINED
DA ARMY LAST YEAR -

LOOKIT THERE'S BETTY
OHARA NOW AND LIKE
I SAID, WITH FERRET!

LET'S GO ASK
IF SHE'LL COME
TO THE HOSPITAL
WIT US I'LL
BETCHA SHE
WILL...

WELL SHE'S TWO
TIMIN' HIM NOW!
SHE'S EVEN GIVEN
UP HER DEFENSE
JOB TO SING AT
THE "HOT SHOT" -





STOP THEM -
I TOLD THOSE
BOYS THEY
SHOULDN'T...

SHH-H-
THE
PATIENTS
ARE
EATING IT
UP...

THAT WAS SWELL! I
WISH YOU BOYS WOULD
GIVE A PERFORMANCE
TO ANOTHER PATIENT!
WE CAN'T GET HIM TO
TAKE AN INTEREST IN
THINGS...

SURE THING!
C'MON FELLERS!

HI, SOLDIER!
THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE
SOME... WHY!
IT'S... IT'S...

DAT BRIEN! HOLY
MACKEREL! HI KID!
HEY, WHAT'S A IDEA
OF NOT LETTIN'
BETTY KNOW YER
HERE?

WELL, I'LL BE!
DYNAMITE AND
HIS GANG TURNED
GOOD SAMARITAN-

WHAT FOR? WHAT WOULD
SHE WANT WITH A CRIPPLE?
BESIDES I SEE IN THE
GOSSIP COLUMN SHE'S
RUNNIN' AROUND
WITH SOME BIG
SHOT NIGHT
CLUB BUY!

BIG SHOT! DAT BUM FERRET! WHY
HE'S JEST A CROOK - AN AS FER
YOU BEIN' A CRIPPLE-YER CRAZY!
SURE IT'S TOUGH YA GOT NO
ARM BUT DESE M.D. FELLERS C'N
DO MIRACLES.

SURE! OH SURE! I'M -
TIRED OF HEARIN' ABOUT IT!
YOU JUST MIND YOUR OWN BUS-
INESS ABOUT ME N' BETTY I DON'T
WANT HER TO KNOW I'M BACK..

NUTS! BETTY AND PAT USED
TO BE CRAZY ABOUT EACH
OTHER! I BETCHA DEY STILL
ARE. IF ONLY I COULD PROVE
DAT LOUSE FERRET
IS CROOKED...

H'MM, DISHWASHER WANTED!
SAY DAT MIGHT GIMME A
CHANCE TA GET DA LOWDOWN
ON FERRET...

HOT SA
Restaurant

DISHWASHER
WANTED

HOLY COW / I AIN'T NEVER SEEN SO MUCH STEAK, ROAST BEEF AND STUFF! DERE AINT NO MEAT SHORTAGE IN DIS JOINT!

AIN'T NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS, YOU JEST WASH DISHES AN FERGET WHAT YA SEE!

OKAY FELLER, YA CAN QUIT FER DA NIGHT—

TANKS!

I'LL DUCK IN DAT CLOSET AN' SEE WHAT I CAN FIND OUT!

THE BOYS ARE STICKING UP A MEAT TRUCK ON THE POST ROAD TOMORR NIGHT AROUND 2 A.M. BE AROUND TO HELP UNLOAD...

OKAY!



NEXT A MATTHE HOSPITAL

WE'RE GONNA TRAP SOME BLACK MARKET CHISELERS AND I NEED A FELLER TA DRIVE TH' TRUCK...



YOU SURE TALKED FAST TO GET THE MEAT COMPANY TO TURN OVER THIS TRUCK TO US...

DERE'S NUTHIN TO IT, I HOPE MY GANG DON'T FREEZE BACK DERE / WHEN DEM TOUGH APPLES AT DA HOT SHOT BEGIN TA UNLOAD DEY'LL GET A SURPRISE!

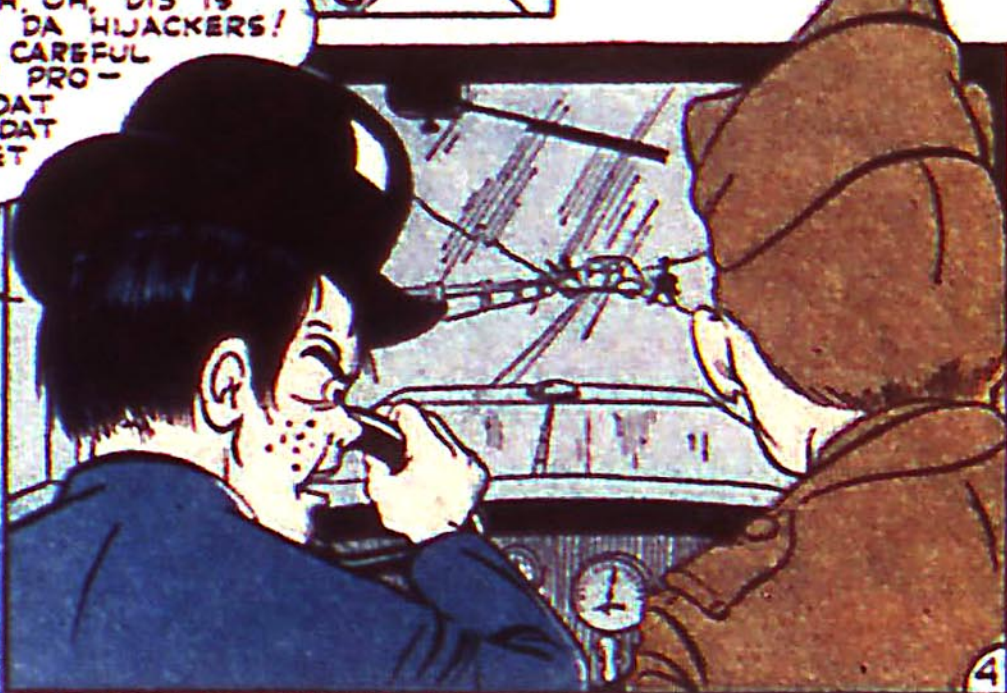
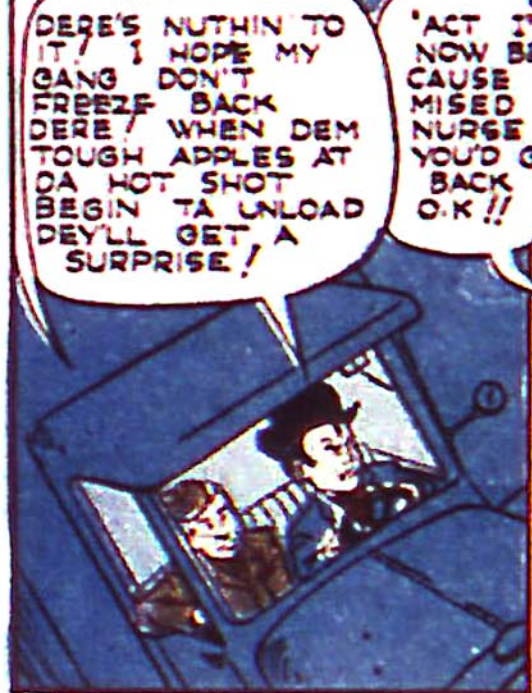
OH, OH, DIS IS 'ACT I' / DA HIJACKERS! NOW BE CAREFUL CAUSE I PROMISED DAT NURSE DAT YOU'D GET BACK O.K.!!

WHY YOU LITTLE RUNT! I'M STILL TWICE AS TOUGH AS YOU! TELL THE NURSE TO BRING IN MY CLOTHES!



LOOKIT—I KNOW IT'S AGAINST REGULATIONS BUT YOU WANTA CURE HIM, DONTCHA? I GOT HIM INTERESTED IN SOMETHIN' / DIS MAY BE DA TOININ' POINT IN HIS LIFE!

OKAY—YOU WIN! BUT REMEMBER YOU PROMISED IT WILL BE A NICE QUIET EVENING..





OKAY YOUSE
MUGS ITS
A STICK-UP!

YEAH, C'MON-
GET OUTA
DERE!



O.K., BUD! YOU
ASKED FOR
IT...

WHASSA MATTER / CANT
YA TAKE IT?



DAT WAS NICE WORK!
YER OK ARENTCHA?
DAT NURSE'LL MOIDER
ME IF YOU GET HOIT.

IM OKAY-LET'S
GET THESE GUYS
IN THE TRUCK



S-S-SURE
AN THEN LET'S
GET G-GOIN!
IT'S FREEZIN' BACK
HERE / WE'LL BE
ICICLES BEFORE
WE GET TO TH
'HOT SHOT'!

HERE PEANUTS,
BUNDLE DESE
BUMS UP!

THERE'S THE HOT
SHOT UP AHEAD
AN THE GARAGE
DOORS OPEN-

WILL DEN BUMS
BE SURPRISED-
OH, OH, DAT'S
FERRET OUT
IN FRONT!



WHAT'S TH' BIG
IDEA? WE AINT
GOT ALL NIGHT-
YER LATE...

GET THAT MEAT UN-
LOADED, AN' FAST! HEY,
YOU TWO IN THE CAB
GET OUT AN' HELP!

CONSOLIDATED
MEAT
CO.

WHAT
THE—!

NUTTEN LIKE
A GOOD
FIGHT...

YAH! JUST
WHAT I NEED!
EXERCISE!..

I'LL GETCHA—!
YA LITTLE
PUNKS...

SO YOU'RE THE BIG
SHOT! TRY SOME
OF THIS G.I.
MEDICINE!

BOY! THAT WAS REALLY
FUN! GUESS WE'D
BETTER CALL THE
COPS IN TO TAKE
OVER FROM HERE!

YEAH! AN
THEN I
GOTTA GIT
YA BACK
TO DA HOS-
PITAL OR DAT
NURSE'LL BE
SORE AS A
BOIL!

NEXT DAY

DAILY BUGLE

—EXTRA!—

PAT BRIEN, WOUNDED
G.I., CLEANS UP BIG
BLACK MARKET
GANG! WILL
RECEIVE POSITION
AS DETECTIVE
UPON RECEIVING
DISCHARGE!



PAT BRIEN

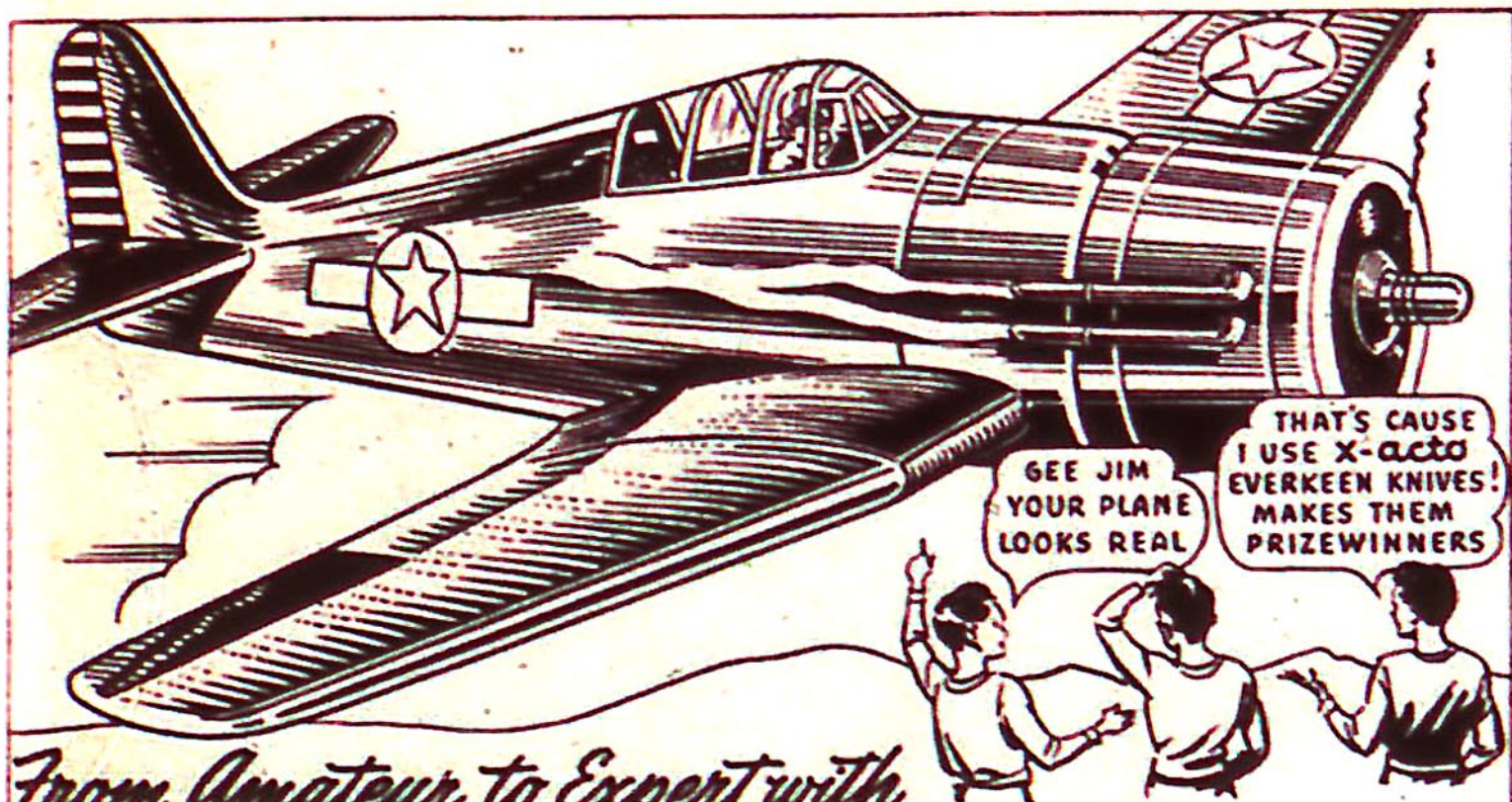
THE BIG DOPE! WHY
DIDN'T HE SAY HE
WAS WOUNDED! NOW
IF I GO SEE HIM
HE'LL THINK IT'S
BECAUSE HE'S A
HERO...

YOU—YOU CUPID! I SHOULD
GIVE YOU THE DEVIL FOR
RISKING MY PATIENT'S NECK.
BUT IT DID WORK! YOU'RE
A GOOD BOY, DYNAMITE!

YA DOPE HE'S NUTS
ABOUT CHA! AN YER
GONNA GO SEE HIM
IF I HAFTA CARRY
YA!

OH BOY—
AIN'T LOVE
GRAND!!

THE END



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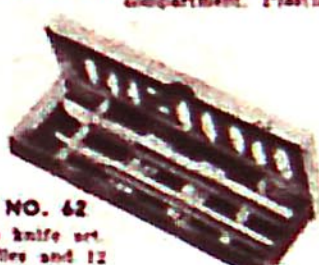
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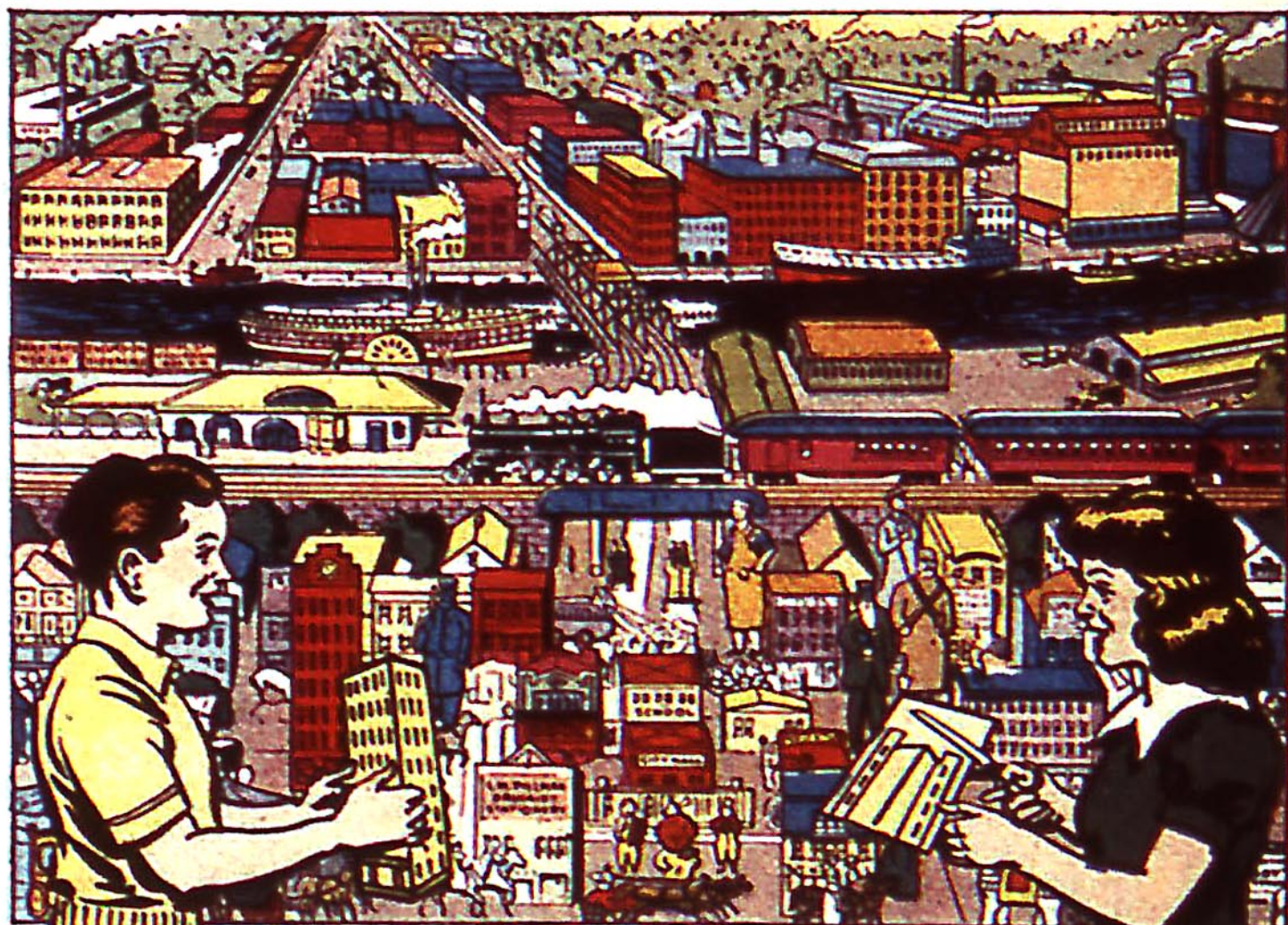
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ANIMATED LILLIPUTANIA

READY TO BUILD!

FUN AND ADVENTURE WITH THIS STORY BOOK CITY OF 120 PIECES!

Yes, LILLIPUTANIA is a real miniature city you can build yourself. Complete with everything including a circus. It's all cut out so you have only to fold the buildings and place them on the street plan as marked. The giants and little people are all furnished even down to three small dogs. Complete in every detail . . . you'll find LILLIPUTANIA interesting and hours of fun. Order today and get FREE gift we offer.

FAIRY CITY ASSOCIATES

NEW ALBANY, IND.

Special FREE Gift!

"THE GIANTS OF LILLIPUTANIA" is an animated Fairy Tale. You can read this fascinating book and even set out the story with your miniature city. All the characters and places are included. Only a few of these books available so rush your order today.

120 DIFFERENT PIECES

BUILDINGS

Church
Bell Boy's
Cage
Public School
City Hall
Garage
Sky Scraper
Woman's
Temple
Clothing
Store
Dry Goods
Store
Book Bldg.
Furniture
Store
Dept. Store
Grocery
Hotel
Post Office
Hardware
Store
Shoe Store
Lund's
Laundry
Butcher Shop
Drug Store
Bakery

PAINT STORE

Engine House
Opera House
View of City
Street Plan
Boy
Girl
GIANTS
Police Chief
Fire Chief
Baker
Butcher
Professor
Sailor
Organ
Grinder
Chinaman
Mrs. Dough
Mrs. Bull
CIRCUS
Herald
Band Wagon
Hippo
Wagon
Lion Wagon
Elephants
Baby
Elephants
Circus

BARBERSHOP

Rubber
Cowboy
Camels
Gentleman
Rider
Lady Rider
Charlot
Rider
Zebras
Circus Tent
Pony
Monkey
Monkey
Monkey
and Dog
Clown
Clown and
Drum
Clown and
Flute
Ticket Office
Lemonade
Stand
Fruit Stand
Balloon
ACCESSORIES
Flower Pots
Flowers
American
Flag



Boy & Bird
Aeroplane
Street Car
Hawk and
Ladder
Fire Engine
Fire Chief
Auto
Grocery
Wagon
Tent
Automobile
Lamp Posts
Bill Board
News Stands
Auto Trucks
3 Dogs &
Letter Box
Flower Beds
Tulip Beds
Car
Newspaper
Fire Hydrant
Tree
Bushes



YOU PAY ONLY
\$1.98

For Everything

You get all this for only \$1.98 . . . you get the City of Lilliputania and the FREE book offer. And . . . if you are not satisfied you may return both to us within 7 days and we will refund your money. Hurry and order today!

FAIRY CITY ASSOCIATES
DEPT. 1007 New Albany, Ind., U. S. A.

Please send me my City of Lilliputania, ready to set up and the FREE GIFT, "The Giants of Lilliputania". Price, \$1.98. It is understood that if I'm not satisfied I may return both within 7 days and my money will be refunded.

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